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The Freedom of the Fields.

(Edward B. Clark, in 'The Presbyterian Banner.')

In winter, after a heavy storm, when the fields stretch away white and glistening and the fir boughs bend with their fleecy burden, how often do we hear people say: 'The world is shrouded in snow!' The word shrouded is used because the winter time and white snow are associated

THE CHICKADEE.

in the mind with death. People are altogether too much given to the thought that because ice holds the tumbling creek in check, and the top rails of the fence are covered, that there is nothing living in nature's fields and woodlands.

It needs but the screwing of one's courage up to the point of leaving the blazing birch logs on a cold January morning to break a foot-pathway through the meadow and along the edge of the timber, to prove that this winter death is but an outward semblance, and that there is pulsing life everywhere. Those of us who know the summer-time robin, oriole and bluebird, and who love them and feel an interest in their lives, will be glad on some March morning to meet and scrape acquaintance with some strange bird visitors from the north, who are as happy and as jolly, apparently, with the thermometer at zero, as are their summer cousins when the wild roses are budding, and the dandelions are donning their feathery caps.

It is just at this cold winter season that the bird-lover, if he have within tramping distance of his home a grove of cone-bearing trees, may meet one of the most beautiful birds of which we know, and about whose life there clings a tender legend connected with the dying Saviour. The bird is the American crossbill, and comes to us every winter in considerable numbers from its summer home and nesting place in the great pine forests of the far north. It is likely that the sweet twittering notes of the birds will be heard before they themselves are discovered, as they hide within the evergreen covering of the spruces and the pines. The crossbill's call is like the tinkling of a bell, and when a large flock of the birds is assembled, and in tune, the music that they make sounds like the jingling bells of a jolly sleighride party.

The father crossbill wears a handsome suit of red and olive brown. His close-fitting cap is perhaps the brightest part of his attire. Madam Crossbill, in her general color, looks very much like the leaves among which she spends much of her time. Both the birds are gymnasts of a high order. They will cling to a light branch and sway backward and forward with their heads pointing earthward. They take, with apparent ease, any position which will enable them to get at their food, which is the shell-encased seed lying at the base of the scales of the cones. Pick a pine cone some day, and, after you have examined it thoroughly, you will think that it must be an exceedingly difficult task for a bird to crack the tough scale and expose the seed. If you have looked carefully at the pine cone first, you will be able to account at once, when you meet the crossbill, for its peculiarly shaped beak. As a matter of fact, when a person who has never read of the crossbill, first sees it he thinks its beak a deformity. The upper and lower parts, mandibles they are called, are crossed one over the other. Throw your middle finger over the forefinger, as far as you can, and you will get

THE DOWNY WOODPECKER.

a fair idea of the appearance of the bird's bill. Its construction enables its owner to twist the seed from the pine cone as readily as a boy could do it with a pair of tweezers.

Longfellow has put into poetry a translation of a German legend about the crossbill. The story is that the birds, out of pity for the dying Saviour, tried with their little beaks to draw the cruel nails that held his hands to the cross. In its struggle to do the act of kindness, its beak became crossed, and its feathers were dyed with the Saviour's blood. Dying, he recognized the bird's act, and decreed that in testimony thereof it should bear the

EVENING GROSBEAK.

mark of the crossed beak and the red dye in its feathers until his coming again.

Let those who are brave enough to attempt the winter's tramp search well the same trees in which the crossbills abound, and see if they cannot find a still more gorgeously dressed northern visitor, the evening grosbeak. This fellow is indeed a beauty. His body is a brilliant yellow, his tail is jet black, while his wings are sharpy contrasted black and white. The grosbeak is much of a wanderer. You may see him twenty times in a single season, and then miss him altogether for some years. He looks more like a visitor from the tropics than from the regions of ice and snow, and from his cheery call you would think that he never knows what it is to lack for all the comforts of life. Even the English sparrow, accustomed as he is at all times to the presence of man and his work, is not tamer than this handsomely garbed winter grosbeak. He will let you approach almost within arm's length of him, and will not for a moment give over his pleasant task of seed-eating. He will eye you occasionally a little inquiringly as if he would ask: 'Do you not know that it is rude to stare at a person who is dining?' He will soon forgive you, however, for your impertinence, and will give a call that is a sort of confiding chuckle.

An hour spent with a flock of evening grosbeaks teaches one a lesson. The bird always looks on the bright side of things, no matter how the clouds may lower, nor how the wind may blow, and if he finds that his favorite box-elder tree restaurant has a bare cupboard he will fly cheerfully to some humbler inn, with poorer fare, and say a tuneful grace before beginning his meal.

Among our other winter-feathered friends are the ever-cheerful chickadee and the somewhat impatient but always interesting white-breasted nuthatch. The white-breast's brother, Master Red-breast, is not quite as hardy as his relative, but he may be found by winter-field wanderers all along the banks of the Ohio until the first touch of spring sends him northward. The nuthatches travel constantly up and down the trunks of trees, picking out from the bark crevices the eggs of the injurious insects that are lodged there. They are rather given to resenting the curiosity of human beings, and, though they will allow you to approach within a few feet of their tree breakfast tables, they will look at you a little indignantly and give vent to a querulous, 'quank, quank.'

The chickadee is another tree gleaner, but he prefers the limbs and the small branches to the great trunk. The chickadee preaches cheerfulness at all seasons. His note is little more than a lisp, but it is one of nature's most delightful sounds when it is heard in the bare winter woodland.

The chickadee wears a black cap, and sometimes in the bitter weather, when the little fellow is seen working his way through the branches with tne cold wind mussing up his feathers, the observer wishes that the bird's cap had little attachments that he might pull down to keep his ears warm.

No person who lives in the country, or even in the suburbs of the big cities, should be without a bird breakfast table. Our little feathered friends from the north, as well as those who stay with us throughout the entire year, often are compelled to go hungry in winter. There is always an abundance of food, but the trouble lies in the fact that the birds cannot always get at it. A rain, followed by severe freezing weather, will cover every exposed seed with a sheathing of ice that defies the stoutest bird-bill to crack. Then it is that the breakfast tables will be crowded with many kinds of hungry guests, who will not fail to whistle a word of thanks for your forethought in providing for their needs.

There is a world of entertainment to be had out of this simple little process of feeding the hungry. Twist up a piece of suet tightly in some wire netting, and hang it by a string to the limb of a tree. The chickadees, the nuthatches, the downy woodpeckers, the bluejays and other winter birds will light on the wire sides, and while swaying and tossing about, will pick the suet out from between the meshes of the wire, and will do it frequently much after the manner of a trapeze performer who hangs from a slender bar by his heels. If small holes are bored in English walnuts the little chickadees, the nuthatches and the golden-crowned kinglets will extract the sweet shell-enclosed morsels with a dexterity that is little short of marvellous. When the shells are picked up they will be found intact, though their interiors have been picked as clean as a whistle. If the walnuts are suspended by strings from the window sash the performance of the birds will be even more amusing, and it will be attended by a constant rat-a-tat-tat at the window pane as the hard shell is knocked backward and forward by the hungry diners.

A board placed on the top of a pole or in a tree and sprinkled with corn, canary and sunflowers seeds will attract jays, grosbeaks, goldfinches and even crows, though it is a brave crow who will venture to approach a dinner table where invited guests are the little creatures who all cordially detest the big fellow, whom they do not hesitate to denounce in season and out to have a character as black as his feathers.

(The pictures in this article are reproduced from 'Birds and Nature,' A. W. Mumford, Chicago.)

The Surrendered Will

('Friendly Greetings.')

It was a pitiful tale. Two days ago there had been a bright light in the eyes, though the face was drawn and haggard from pain and sleeplessness.

'The doctor is coming to-morrow, and then I shall know what to expect. They say he is very clever, and has cured lots of people much worse than me.'

The visitor had promised to call again in a few days and hear his report, though something in the poor woman's expression told all too plainly what the verdict would be.

And now the worst suspicions were confirmed.

'He says there is no hope. We told him we wanted to know the truth, or I think he would have kept it from us. He seemed so sorry to say it.'

And the sister who met her friend with these words put her apron to her eyes and burst into tears.

'It will be nothing but pain, getting worse and worse until it kills her,' she sobbed out.

The lady hastened upstairs to a room where, on a low bed, lay a woman, still youthful-looking, though terribly pale and worn. There was a despondent look on her face, and the smile with which she greeted her visitor was somewhat forced.

'It isn't the pain I mind,' she continued, after repeating over again her sister's words; 'it's leaving the little children that I feel so much. They are so young, and not very strong; but I have taken such care of them! And now I suppose I must die—and what will become of them?'

A look utterly dreary overspread her face. It seemed almost hopeless to try to utter words of cheer or encouragement. Only one thought suggested itself, and that was—God's power to make us willing to accept what it is His will to send us.

Lamely enough it was put before her; and the visit shortly ended in a sort of despair on both sides, in the matter either of giving or receiving sympathy.

The visitor went again; and a look of peace had taken the place of that utter desolation. Patience was doing her 'perfect work.' The pain had been very severe, and by its hard lesson the poor invalid was learning to loosen her hold on life.

'I cannot do anything for the children now, and the pain is almost more than I can bear,' she said. 'I hope God will soon take me home.'

But He would teach her 'greater things than these.'

'I want to be patient, and to leave it all in God's hands—to be willing either to go or to stay as He sees best.' And when that step was reached, all felt that she was 'not far from Home.'

And God did not long delay. He only left her till she had learned to say, without tears, even here, 'Thy will be done'—and then He took her to sing it 'upon a happier shore.'

It has been well said that 'God always takes possession of a surrendered will.' We have only just to yield ourselves to Him, to let go our own self-will, and we shall soon find that He is making it easy to us to accept His purposes concerning us. The trouble may remain, but the distrustful feeling, which makes it so burdensome, is gone.

'Perfect through suffering.' We trace it even in that Divine Life which was once lived here on earth for us.

'If it is possible, let this cup pass from Me; nevertheless, not as I will, but as Thou wilt,' was the first submissive utterance from the blessed lips.

'If this cup may not pass away from Me, except I drink it, Thy will be done,' was the next step. 'The cup which my Father hath given me, shall I not drink it?' was the triumphant climax to that glad surrender of heart and will.

In this life it is very much trusting in the dark. 'Blessed are they that have not seen and yet have believed'—and happy they who, not knowing, have submitted.

'Perfect peace' is a present blessing, while perfect knowledge is yet to come.

And as our Father takes the hand held out to Him in the dark, and leads us on by His own appointed paths, He whispers gently in our ear—

'What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter.'

The Jewish Sabbath.

(Dr. Burrell.)

The fault-finding Pharisees were so overscrupulous in their observance of the fourth commandment that they loaded it down with extra judicial rites and ceremonies, and so made it a 'weariness' and became therein its bondslaves. To show with what refined absurdities the Sabbath was encumbered, let us quote a little from some of their learned rabbinical writings: 'A horse may have a bridle but not a saddle on the Sabbath day; and he that leadeth him must not let the halter hang loose, lest he seem to carry something of it.'—'The lame may use a staff, but the blind may not, because he can, if need be, go without it.'—'It is not permitted to throw more corn to the poultry than will serve the day, lest it grow by lying still and we be said to sow our grain upon the Sabbath.'—'It is not lawful to carry a fan, because to use it would be labor; neither shalt thou carry a handkerchief in thy pocket, nor allow a fowl to wear a piece of ribbon around its leg.'—'Thou shalt not lift a beast out of a pit; though if it be like to perish, thou mayest put straw under it until the morrow.'—'If a Jew upon his journey were overtaken by the Sabbath, he must set him down, though in the midst of a wood or in the storm, and there remain.' Thus they added so largely to the law, that they 'made it of none effect by their traditions.' The Sabbath had come to be no longer a day of holy rest and pleasure; it was a ceremonial scourge.

If you are suffering from a bad man's injustice, forgive him, lest there should be two bad men.—St. Augustine.

BOYS AND GIRLS

A Modern Prodigal Son

(Frank H. Sweet, in 'The 'Ram's Horn.')

'Mother, our boy has gone wrong.'

The open letter was allowed to fall upon the kitchen table, and then the grey head sank down beside it. Mrs. Crandall laid aside her knitting and crossed over to his side.

'Is it very bad, John?' she asked, tremulously.

'Yes, he is in prison.'

She took the letter and read it through slowly. When she finished she began to stroke the bowed head. 'What shall we do, John?' she asked.

'We must raise the money. It is the only thing that will save the boy now. If he's sentenced, he will never get over it.'

'Can we?' An eager light came into her eyes.

'We must. Your mother will let us have what she has. You know she always called Charlie her boy.'

He rose and folded the letter carefully and placed it in the top bureau drawer with the three or four others he had received during the last half-dozen years. Then he walked to a window and looked out. It was a picture of bare hillside and rocky fields that he saw, of rambling stone walls and mossy, isolated farm buildings. On one side an apple orchard crept round behind a gable of the house, and in the distance was the glint of quiet water. But he did not see the beauty now, and he was not thinking of the long life he had spent on the farm, nor of the father and grandfather who had lived on it before him. He only saw a prison wall and the bowed, hopeless figure of a man, waiting grimly for his sentence.

Charles Crandall had been a wilful boy. and had left home at an early age to seek fortune in the city. Occasionally rumors came back of lawlessness and extravagance, and the old folks had heard them apprehensively, and had tried to quiet each other's fears by saying the boy was young and would improve as he grew older. And as the years went by their hopes seemed about to be realized. The boy quieted down and applied himself vigorously to learning a business. He was naturally quick and energetic, and rose gradually from one position to another until he became head book-keeper for his firm. The old folks waited and hoped, and tried to hide their misgivings. Charlie was in receipt of a large salary now; but he never

ONE DAY HIS CELL DOOR OPENED.

seemed to be out of debt, and his letters were usualy applications for assistance. Then had come rumors of dishonesty and disclosure, and now this letter.

He had not asked for assistance this time. The amount was too large—more than the value of the farm and his father's entire possessions. He had merely stated the fact, doggedly, and had added that he would necessarily be sentenced to a long term of imprisonment.

He had gone to his cell with apparent indifference, and with a smile on his face. His nature had always been a queer combination of recklessness and strength, and except for a certain added hardness to his lips and eyes he showed little outward concern for his disgrace. He was as scrupulously neat and fastidious in his dress as ever, and confinement seemed to have only the effect of making him more cynical and reserved.

One day his cell door opened and an eager, grey-haired man entered.

'Charlie!'

'Father!'

There was a moment's silence, then:

'Why did you come here? Talking will do no good; and, besides, I don't care to rake the thing over. If I have played the fool it is my own lookout; I don't wish to be told of it.' He waited a moment, but as his father did not speak, asked, with a slight change in his voice:

'Is—mother well?'

'Yes, she and your grandmother are waiting at the hotel. They wanted to come here, but I told 'em they'd better not. Here's your paper.'

The young man took it mechanically.

'What? A receipt from the house?' he cried, wonderingly.

'Yes, they've agreed not to proceed against you. I talked with the lawyer, an' the rest of 'em; but they say there's some forms to go through with. They can't set you free till to-morrow. I done the best I could, Charlie.' He spoke anxiously, as though fearing he might have omitted something.

'But I don't understand, father. How could you get this? You had no money.'

'I sold the farm an' stock for a pretty good price; and then your mother had a hundred dollars or so put aside. Of course, even that wouldn't have been enough, but your grandmother put in all she had. We managed to make it up between us.'

The young man threw out his arms with a quick, stifled cry.

'Sold the farm! and granny given up her little fortune! Oh, father! father!' All the hardness and bitterness and cynicism were gone from his face now, and with sudden self-loathing he turned to the wall and began to sob passionately. His father looked at him anxiously, then with alarm. He could not remember when he had seen his boy lose control of himself before.

'Charlie! Charlie boy!' he urged; 'don't cry so. It's all right now. You'll be free to-morrow. Please don't cry.'

He threw his arms across the trembling shoulders and drew the young man toward him. 'It's all right now,' he whispered tenderly; 'we'll go off by ourselves and commence all over again, won't we, Charlie boy?'

'Anything—you like—father,' came in stifled accents from the wall. 'I will do whatever you say.'

Different Minds.

(Richard Chenevix Trench.)

Some murmur when their sky is clear
And wholly bright to view,
If one small speck of dark appear
In their great heaven of blue;
And some with thankful love are filled
If but one streak of light,
One ray of God's good mercy, gild
The darkness of their night.

In palaces are hearts that ask,
In discontent and pride,
Why life is such a dreary task,
And all good things denied;
And hearts in poorest huts admire
How Love has in their aid
(Love that not ever seems to tire)
Such rich provisions made.

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost.

[For the 'Messenger.'

A Brand Plucked Out of the Fire.

(By Rev. John Wood, Ottawa.)

Poor Sandy Miller was a kind-hearted, fairly well-educated, but not over-wise Scotchman, a baker by trade, doing a prosperous business in the little Western town in which he had settled on coming out from his native land. He was naturally well disposed towards religion and religious people, was a regular attendant at the Congregational church in which the writer had just begun his ministry, and although not, on my first making his acquaintance, a Christian, yet he was one whose attentiveness, and apparent interest in the preaching of the word were such as to lead me to hope for his speedy conversion and connection with the church. His wife was much of his own disposition, although in business matters, much the 'better half,' shrewd, alert, and, like many besides their countrymen, fond of the 'bawbees,' and well able to take care of them. Having but one child she was the shop-keeper, while he drove the bread-cart, and delivered the bread to his customers.

But Sandy had one sad failing,—he was fond of the drink. Not that he was what we understand by a habitual drunkard, but occasionally when he was worried with business trouble, or met an old friend whom he had not seen for a long time, he would take a glass, intending it to be only one, and then, for the next two or three days, he would be entirely unable to control himself. Some of his customers, too, were hotel-keepers who, knowing my friend's weakness, and concluding that 'one good turn deserves another,' declared they would not buy his bread unless he took an occasional glass with them. Thus the appetite grew upon him until, before he was aware of it, he became its slave. Like many others who indulge it, he thought he could 'take a little or let it alone,' but he generally contented himself with showing he could take it!

Things had been going on in this manner for some years when I first met with him. Drink had led to domestic broils, and, shortly after I became his pastor, I was grieved to learn that he had been taken to the lock-up the previous evening for abusing his wife. Whiskey, of course, was at the bottom of it. It was the first public exposure of his weakness, and of the domestic infelicity it was occasioning, and he was so greatly ashamed over it that he kept out of sight as much as possible for some days after it. But being anxious to see him, I called at the shop to enquire for him, when his wife informed me, with a look, the meaning of which I well understood, that Sandy 'was na' vera weel the day.' I expressed the desire to see him, however, but while I was doing so I could hear my parishioner rising from the lounge upon which he had been lying, in the room behind the shop, and somewhat precipitately starting off upstairs. Determined not to be balked, and, feeling, at the same time, that I could take a liberty, in that instance, that I cannot but confess would be entirely unwarrantable on general principles, I quietly followed him, guided by the sound of his retreating footsteps, till I found him, taking refuge in a clothes-closet, and there, he on one chest and I on another, we sat down and had our talk! It was a memorable visit,—a hand-to-hand contest, not with one another, for poor Sandy took very kindly the affectionate warnings and counsel I gave him, but a contest with the devil of drink, in which, by God's grace, I believe a good work was begun in him which ultimately brought him off victorious.

Not long afterwards, in a time of gracious revival, our friend was, I believe, truly converted, and united with the church, his wife coming in with him at the same time. Then began a struggle with appetite which terminated only with life. He had never taken the pledge of total abstinence, his reason for not doing so being, apparently, the desire of reserving to himself the 'liberty' of a social glass, when occasion required. Possibly he imagined that now that he was a Christian some mysterious change had been wrought in his physical constitution, so that the drink which formerly had crazed him would now take less effect upon him; or that God would 'give his angels charge' concerning him, to keep him, if he should indulge, for, as we know, Satan can quote Scripture to give potency to his temptations.

Whether Sandy secretly resolved to abstain or not, I am unable to say, but for two whole years, or more, from the date of his confession of Christ, he walked consistently, and, as far as I know, wholly abjured the intoxicating cup. But one day, just when his friends were beginning to feel confident that he had obtained the mastery over his appetite, and to hope he would never yield to it again, the saddening word came to me that poor Sandy had fallen, and had been taken home drunk! He had met an acquaintance whom he had not seen for a long time, and, in a moment of weakness, had gone with him to a saloon he had formerly frequented to have a social glass, and, being unable to stop at one glass, he had gone on till intoxicated. Worse still: the spell was broken, and the old thirst for strong drink was revived, and having yielded once, it seemed of less consequences to abstain in future. His self-respect was gone, discouragement at failure weakened any remaining purpose to renew the struggle with the evil one, and perhaps destroyed faith in prayer, and from that time forward, for many months, he continued to tipple, with occasional outbreaks into open intemperance. Friends pleaded with him; as his pastor I sought to encourage him and point him to the refuge and strength of the soul in peril, or in trouble; and the church kindly admonished him, but all to no avail. His feet continually slipped, and after some months of patient waiting, the church, feeling that the honor of Christ, as well as its own good name, were at stake, took final action, and removed his name from its roll of membership.

The wisdom of the church's action in such a case is, perhaps, open to question. Excision is an extreme measure, and only to be resorted to in dealing with those who are seemingly impenitent, and in love with their sins, and that Sandy, assuredly, was not. He was, I believe, truly sorry for his fault, and sincerely desirous of avoiding a repetition of it, and when informed of his exclusion from membership, he felt as if he had been hardly, if not unjustly, dealt with, and for many months absented himself from the services of the church altogether.

And without justifying his resentment, is there not some ground for thinking that a spasm of virtue sometimes seems to seize a church, and the poor, half-reclaimed and struggling inebriate, who falls again through sore temptation, is made a 'scapegoat' for all the other sinners in the church? Doubtless the comparative ease with which the charge may be proven, and the disgrace it brings upon the rest of the membership, may have much to do with the apparent remorselessness in which the judgment of the church is often pronounced in such a case, but few, I think, will be prepared to say that these men 'are sinners above all men that dwell' in our Zion. For not drunkards alone, but the covetous, and extortioners also, and all who 'walk after the flesh,' and have not the spirit of Christ, are declared in Holy Scripture to have 'no inheritance in the kingdom of God.' Not those who fall and are expelled, but those, often, who remain in the church and just manage to escape her censures, though utterly of the world in spirit, are the real enemies of the cross of Christ. Perhaps my unfortunate friend may have had some such thought, and may have felt that he had too little sympathy from those who were never tempted to go astray in the way he did; but, as I was saying, for a long time he forsook the house of God. Naturally, his course in this respect, did not tend to improve matters.

But whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth. He was trying to get away from God, but the loving father held his hand and would not let him go. Trouble must come, and one day while coming down the stairs, formerly mentioned, he fell and fractured his arm. The drink did it, but the fall sobered him, and he saw that there had been but a step between him and death. His heart was touched, and, deeply and sincerely, I believe, he repented of his sin as he confessed it to me. We prayed together that he might have strength to overcome it, and for some time it seemed as if the victory were won. Yet, although I often visited him, he did not return to the house of God.

Six months, perhaps, passed, and again he fell, and again a downward course began. He had not proceeded far, however, when he was suddenly pulled up by another accident on the same stair, down which he again fell while intoxicated, this time breaking his leg. The injury was slow in healing, in consequence of the bad condition of his system, and he was confined to the house for eight months, and sober, for he never indulged to excess at home. It was only when in the company of others who drank, and urged him to drink, that he weakly yielded to the temptation. Almost in despair regarding him, I yet hoped and prayed that this second accident, and narrow escape, might prove such a lesson to him as to become a real blessing in disguise. 'God's way is in the sea, and his path in the great waters, and his footsteps are not known,' and surely he who 'is not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance,' was in all this, quietly working for the rescue of the soul of his servant.

But the struggle was not to end yet. Not so easily does the drink demon relinquish his hold on one whom he has once got into his power. Our poor friend could no longer say No! to the tempter, and the very first day he was able to appear on the street, on crutches, some 'friend'—I might

spell the word without the 'r'—invited him into a saloon to drink, and, happening to pass the place about that time, I met him, once more, drunk! I went home in despair, and so, indeed, did he, as I found afterwards. At first I thought I must abandon all further effort on his behalf. What more could I do or say to him? I seemed to be able, in some measure, to apprehend the intensity of the divine feeling of disappointment over the waywardness and impenitence of his children,—'O Ephraim, what shall I do unto thee? O Judah, what shall I do unto thee. For your goodness is as a morning cloud, and as the early dew it goeth away.'

But a better thought prevailed on my reaching home, and the next day I went to see him, not knowing what to say to him, but silently lifting up my heart to him, who 'is able to save to the uttermost,' for guidance and help. His wife, unwilling, apparently, to have me see him —for he was yet scarcely sober—apologized for him, and hinted that perhaps I would call some other time. I kindly persisted, however, and passing through the shop I found him reclining on a lounge in the sitting-room behind. On hearing my footstep he hastily gathered himself up, and, covering his face with his hands, and planting his elbows on his knees, he reminded me of nothing so much as a picture I had somewhere seen of the man in the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' in the Iron Cage of Despair! And, indeed, that was exactly his condition. All hope was gone. To every attempt I made to encourage him to renew the struggle with the appetite his repeated answer was, 'It's no use, sir, I can't stop; I can't stop!' I pleaded that despair of self is just the condition in which God can most readily help us: that he must trust as well as try: that if he truly desired deliverance, the Lord 'would never turn away his prayer, nor his mercy from him': and that I was sure all his friends would do all they could to help him.

Little by little hope seemed to return, and when I asked him if he would not sign the total-abstinence pledge—I generaly carried a pledge-book in my pocket—he agreed to do so, as did also his wife, whom I advised to take the same step, for the sake of keeping him company. On second thought, however, I delayed the matter till the next day, urging him to pray over it, and promising to return the following morning after breakfast to receive his final resolve. Meanwhile, I wrote out a special form of pledge, and on their still expressing their readiness to sign it, I asked them both, with a view to increasing the importance and solemnity of the act, to repeat it over after me, as in a marriage ceremony, and then to affix their signatures to it, which they did. And 'there was joy in the presence of the angels of God' that day, and hope and gratitude sprang up in more than one human heart.

From that hour Sandy Miller was a changed man. He returned to the house of God, and the church, believing that this time, at least, he 'sorrowed after a godly manner,' and 'sorrowed to repentance,' received him back again into its fellowship.

Pity it is my story cannot end here, but for the truth's sake it must not. My heart grows sick at the recital, but the struggle was not over yet. For more than two years our friend kept his pledge of abstinence, and lived a humble Christian life. What was the occasion of his again yielding to the temptation I know not, but once more he fell, and caused his family and his brethren in the church great grief and anxiety for a long time by occasional lapses into his besetting sin. My suspicion is, that he and his wife both thought it necessary to keep liquor in the house in case of sickness, and, like a great many others, fancied it to be a kind of panacea for all human ills; and being physically somewhat weakly he was betrayed by the use of it as a medicine, into the gratification of his old appetite and lost self-control. That, at least, is certainly the snare in which many unwary souls are taken captive by the devil, and is one against which all who are not total abstainers should be warned. I am aware that the claim is sometimes made that grace in the heart will at once entirely remove the craving for strong drink. 'Bless the Lord,' says some poor converted inebriate, in the joy of his new experience, 'Bless the Lord! the appetite is gone! I have no desire for the drink.' And no doubt he speaks as he feels. But grace in the heart will not heal a diseased stomach, nor make it any safer for a Christian, suffering from such functional disorder, to tamper with alcoholic stimulants, than for an unregenerate man. Indeed, I always tremble for the man who proclaims his confidence that the appetite is gone. Mr. John B. Gough, the great temperance orator, learned from sad experience, long years after his conversion, that the appetite for strong drink had not been wholly quenched in him, and many another has found even a sip of fermented wine, at the Lord's table, sufficent to rekindle the thirst that had lain dormant for months, or years. Over-confidence in self has been the ruin of many, and was probably the cause of poor Sandy's oft-repeated failures.

This time, however, the church, more patient and sympathetic perhaps, dealt with him differently, and, instead of removing his name from its communion roll, resolved to bear with him and endeavor to restore him in the spirit of meekness. But, in spite of all warning and kindly entreaty, he repeatedly yielded to temptation, and brought reproach upon his profession, and, on one occasion, narrowly escaped a miserable end by falling from his bread-van, while intoxicated, and being crushed beneath its wheels. Once more, however, the merciful providence, which so often seems to attend and preserve the inebriate, saved him from serious injury, and brought him face to face with the question whether, after his long struggle with the appetite, he was at last to perish through its indulgence.

The conflict within was sharp, short, and decisive. Once more grace triumphed, and Sandy, realizing the danger he was in, and the doubtfulness of the issue, humanly speaking, so long as he remained in his present surroundings, sold his business and removed to a quiet little country village, a few miles away, where the temptations would be fewer, and less formidable. A letter of transference was given him to the church in the village, and, at the same time, a confidential note was sent to its pastor informing him of the brother's infirmity, and asking him to exercise a special watch and care over him on that account.

A year or two passed during which I heard but little of my former parishioner. The little I did hear, however, filled me with hope that he would never again touch the mocking, deceiving wine-cup that had so nearly wrought his ruin. Then came one more disappointment! Meeting his pastor one day I enquired eagerly after my friend. 'Has he been faithful to his pledge?' I asked; 'has he been honoring his profession?' 'Yes,' he has,' was the reply, 'he has never touched liquor—till last week! Then,' he added, 'he was somehow tempted, and yielded, with the usual result; and, while under the maddening influence of the drink, he followed his wife all over the house with a carving-knife! But we have got him straight again, and he appears to be penitent, and so much ashamed of his conduct, that we feel assured he will never touch it again!' And so far as I know, he never did. That was Apollyon's last assault, or, at least, his last successful onset. A few months afterwards our poor struggling friend was called away from this world of temptation and conflict to the rest that remaineth for the people of God, and the testimony of his pastor was, that he died peacefully trusting in the Saviour. He was, indeed, a brand plucked from the burning, and this record of over sixteen years' struggle with the demon of drink—a demon as fierce and untameable as any cast out by the Lord Jesus himself—is written to warn all against his first insidious approaches, and to encourage those already taken captive by him to trust in him who is almighty to save.

To the Loser.

(C. F. Lester, in 'Success.')

So you've lost your race, lad—
Ran it clean and fast?
Beaten at the tape, lad?
Rough? Yes, but 'tis past,
Never mind the losing —
Think of how you ran:
Smile and shut your teeth, lad—
Take it like a man!

Not the winning counts, lad,
But the winning fair;
Not the losing shames, lad,
But the weak despair;
So, when failure stuns you,
Don't forget your plan—
Smile and shut your teeth, lad—
Take it like a man!

Diamonds turned to paste, lad?
Night instead of morn?
Where you'd pluck a rose, lad,
Oft you grasp a thorn?
Time will heal the bleeding—
Life is but a span;
Smile and shut your teeth, lad—
Take it like a man!

Then, when sunset comes, lad,
When your fighting's through
And the Silent Guest, lad,
Fills his cup for you,
Shrink not—clasp it coolly—
End as you began;
Smile and close your eyes, lad—
And take it like a man!

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When Ethel Tried.

(Mary Joanna Porter, in the 'Christian Intelligencer.')

When Ethel Graham was invited to take charge of the Mission Circle belonging to the Firtown Church, it seemed to her an impossibility.

'O, I really can't! Don't ask me, please!' This was her reply to Mrs. Keith, who was seeking to supply her own place as leader during a year of travel.

'I really can't,' Ethel repeated to herself after her visitor's departure. 'She ought not to ask me.' But in the quiet half hour in her own room at bedtime, she began to reflect upon the matter. 'The thing that one ought to do is the thing that one can do.' These words she had heard spoken in the pulpit one Sunday, and now they suddenly came to mind. 'But why ought I try?' This question she put to herself, and being honest she answered in this way: 'Because I have leisure. Because I am sufficiently educated. Because I am a Christian. But have I the strength?'

Ethel had graduated in the previous summer from the high school, and this year she was taking a rest before entering college. She had not been very strong for some time, and her physician had advised a year's rest from study. 'I'll go over to Dr. Moulton's office to-morrow morning and consult him about it.' Having made this resolution, Ethel composed herself to sleep. Perhaps there was a lurking hope in her mind that Dr. Moulton would forbid her to undertake the task.

Next morning found her in his office. 'H-m, h-m,' said he, 'how many children are there in the circle?'

'Twenty-five children to be helped in working for Christ. That seems to be a good thing to do; and you love children, and love to have them about you; and you know how to tell them stories, so my little folks say. Yes, Ethel, I think you're strong enough. It would be just about enough for you to do.'

Armed with this permission, and encouraged by the doctor's words, Ethel next consulted her parents, who readily gave their consent to the plan. 'I think it would be a good thing for you as well as for the children,' said her mother. 'It would be pleasant for you to have them coming to the house and to be arranging things for them.'

So, greatly to Mrs. Keith's surprise, Ethel called upon her on the afternoon of that very day, and told her that she had decided to undertake the work. 'I'm so relieved,' said Mrs. Keith. 'There seemed to be no one else to ask. Every one is so busy. Now, I can go abroad and be happy.'

The circle met the very next week, so that Ethel had really not much time to prepare for it, but fortunately she had been reading the life of 'Verbeck of Japan,' and that helped her to a story. After the children had taken the various parts which had been given to them by Mrs. Keith, Ethel said: 'Now, children, you've been reading and reciting about Japan, and I'm going to tell you of something which happened there long ago. Perhaps you know that it is between forty and fifty years since the first missionaries from America went to that country. But before any of them went a part of my story happened.

'Do you see Nagasaki on the map? Here it is, in the western part of this large island called Kiushiu. Well, in the old days, when Japan was closed to all the world, except the Dutch, once upon a time some English ships were in the harbor of Nagasaki. An officer named Murata was appointed to guard the place and prevent any foreigners from slipping in and any Japanese from slipping out. Now, as this Murata was going about in a boat one day to see that everything was safe, he spied floating around in the water a little book. He secured and examined it. The binding was strange, the printing was strange. It was written in a language that he could not understand. He became very anxious to know what it might tell about. After much secret inquiry, he learned from an interpreter that it was "about the creator of the universe, and Jesus, who taught his mind and truth, and that there was also much in its pages about morals and religion." It was a Bible printed in Dutch. Murata, more anxious than ever to know all that the book contained, learned that there was a translation of it in Chinese; so he sent a man to China to get the translation. Then he began to study the book with the help of the Chinese copy. He learned to read it and to love it. He went away from Nagasaki, but Mr. Verbeck, an "Americanized Dutchman" and a Christian missionary, went to live there. Now was Murata's opportunity. He had been waiting for some one to teach him, and the teacher had come. Though unable on account of the duties of his position to go to Mr. Verbeck himself, he sent a trusted messenger back and forth. This man inquired the meaning of parts of the Bible which needed explanation, and then returned to tell his master what he had learned. This went on for three years. At length Murata was relieved from the cares of office, and was able to visit his unknown teacher. After a greeting given in the most approved Japanese fashion, he said to Mr. Verbeck: "I have long known you in my mind, and desired to converse with you, and I am very happy that in God's providence I am at last permitted this privilege." Afterwards he said: "Sir, I cannot tell you my feelings when for the first time I read the account of the character and work of Jesus Christ. I had never seen, or heard, or imagined such a person. I was filled with admiration, overwhelmed with emotion, and taken captive by the record of his nature and life." Murata talked with Mr. Verbeck for a long time, and said that he was ready to believe all that Jesus taught, and to do whatever he required. Then he and his brother, who had accompanied him, asked, like the Ethiopian eunuch, to be baptized. Afterward the brothers were admitted to the Christian church, and partook of the Lord's supper. Then Murata told the story of the book found in the water twelve years before—the book which had led him to Christ.

'He went away to spend peaceful, quiet years, and at length to die a Christian death. It is said that during the latter part of his life he occupied himself in translating the Bible from Chinese into Japanese. He was anxious that his own countrymen should be able to read the Book of books, and did what he could to help them. Isn't this a wonderful story? Do you think that we prize the Bible as Murata did? Do we study it carefully? Do we try to obey its teachings?'

The children had listened with open ears, but they were beginning to grow restless, so the new leader wisely dismissed them after the singing of a hymn.

'Oh, Miss Ethel,' said one little girl, on taking leave, 'we were so sorry to have Mrs. Keith go away, but we're going to love you, too. That was a splendid story.'

So Ethel had the beginning of a large reward, which came to her as she tried to work for Christ; the love of the children; the approval of her own conscience, and the consciousness that she was attempting something 'in his name.'

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The following are the contents of the issue of Nov. 22, of 'World Wide':

ALL THE WORLD OVER.

The Colonial Conference Blue-book—'The Mail,' London.
The Delhi Durbar—Correspondence of the Manchester 'Guardian.'
The 'Mad Mullah'—'The Speaker' and 'Saturday Review,' London.
The English Education Bill in the House of Commons—Debate on the Po ition of Women.
Municipal Socialism, VIII.—'The Times,' London.
The Presidency of the United States—'Morning Post,' London.
The President of the United States—'The Spectator,' London.
Automobiles and Road Laws—New York 'Tribune.'

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

Photography as a Hobby: II. The Fruits of Experience—By an Amateur Photographer, in the 'Young Man,' London.
The Ruskin Museum at Sheffield—By W. Sinclair, Hon Sec. of the Ruskin Society, Glasgow, in 'St. George,' the journal of the English Ruskin Societies. Abridged.

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

'All Souls'—Poem by Ethel M. M. McKenna, in 'Westminster Budget.'
Dirge in Woods—By George Meredith.
Dante's 'Commedia' and Goethe's 'Faust': II.—By D. E. Fearon, in 'The Pilot,' London. Abridged.
Georgian England—'The Athenæum,' London.
The Walking Parson—'The Spectator,' London.
Anecdotes of Literary Celebrities—New York 'Tribune.'

HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

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The Marvels of Prehistoric Man—Manchester 'Guardian.'

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LESSON XI.—DECEMBER 14.

The Boy Samuel

1 Sam. iii., 1-14. Commit vs. 7-10. Read 1 Sam., chs. 1-3.

Golden Text.

'Speak, Lord; for thy servant heareth.' 1 Sam. iii., 9.

Home Readings

Monday, Dec. 8.—1 Sam. iii., 1-10.
Tuesday, Dec. 9.—1 Sam. iii., 11-21.
Wednesday, Dec. 10.—1 Sam. ii., 12-19.
Thursday, Dec. 11.—1 Sam. iv., 10-18.
Friday, Dec. 12.—Prov. iv., 1-13.
Saturday, Dec. 13.—Matt. xxi., 1-16.
Sunday, Dec. 14.—Matt. xviii., 1-14.

Lesson Text.

(6) And the Lord called yet again, Samuel. And Samuel arose and went to Eli, and said, Here am I; for thou didst call me. And he answered, I called not, my son; lie down again. (7) Now Samuel did not yet know the Lord, neither was the word of the Lord yet revealed unto him. (8) And the Lord called Samuel again the third time. And he arose and went to Eli, and said, Here am I; for thou didst call me. And Eli perceived that the Lord had called the child. (9) Therefore Eli said unto Samuel, Go, lie down: and it shall be, if he call thee, that thou shalt say, Speak, Lord; for thy servant heareth. So Samuel went and lay down in his place. (10) And the Lord came, and stood, and called as at other times, Samuel, Samuel. Then Samuel answered, Speak; for thy servant heareth. (11) And the Lord said to Samuel, Behold, I will do a thing in Israel, at which both the ears of every one that heareth it shall tingle. (12) In that day I will perform against Eli all things which I have spoken concerning his house: when I begin, I will also make an end. (13) For I have told him that I will judge his house for ever for the iniquity which he knoweth; because his sons made themselves vile, and he restrained them not. (14) And therefore I have sworn unto the house of Eli, that the iniquity of Eli's house shall not be purged with sacrifice nor offering for ever.

Condensed From Matthew Henry.

Samuel took that to be only Eli's call, which was really the call of God. Such mistakes as these we make oftener than we think of. God calls to us by his word, and we take it to be only the call of the minister, and answer it accordingly; calls to us by his providences, and we look only at the instruments. His voice cries, and it is but here and there a man of wisdom that understands it to be his voice. Eli assured Samuel he did not call him, yet did not chide him and tell him he dreamed, but mildly bade him lie down again, he had nothing for him to do. If servants must be ready at their masters' call, masters also must be tender for their servants' comfort, that 'thy man-servant and thy maid-servant may rest as well as thou.' So 'Samuel went and lay down.' God calls many by the ministry of the word, and they say, as Samuel did, 'Here am I'; but not looking at God, not discerning his voice in the call, the impressions of it are soon lost; they lie down again, and their convictions come to nothing.

The same call was repeated, and the same mistake made, a second and third time, v., 6, 9. (1) God continued to call the child: 'yet again' (v. 6), and 'again the third time' (v. 8). Samuel was still ignorant that it was the Lord that called him (v. 7), 'Samuel did not yet know the Lord.' He did not yet apprehend the way in which God reveals himself to his servants the prophets, by a still small voice; this was altogether new and strange to him; perhaps he had been sooner aware of a divine revelation had it come in a dream or a vision. Thus he blundered one time after another, but afterward he understood better. The witness of the spirit in the hearts of the faithful, is often thus mistaken, by which means they lose comfort of it; and the strivings of the spirit with the consciences of sinners are likewise often mistaken, and so the benefit of their convictions is lost; 'God speaketh once, yea twice, but man perceiveth it not.' Samuel went to Eli this second and third time, the voice perhaps resembling his, and the child being very near to him: and he tells him with great assurance, 'Thou didst call me' (v. 6-8); 'it could be no one else.' Samuel's disposition to come when he was called by Eli, proving him dutiful and active, qualified him for the favor, now to be showed him; God chooseth to employ such. But there was a special providence in it, that he should go thus often to Eli; for hereby, at length, 'Eli perceived that the Lord had called the child,' v. 8. And, this would be a mortification to him, and he would apprehend it to be a step towards his family's being degraded, that when God had something to say, he should choose to say it to the child Samuel, his servant that waited upon him, and not to him. Yet he gave Samuel instructions what to say, v. 9. Had he been envious of this honor done to Samuel, he would have done what he could to deprive him of it, and since he did not receive it himself, would have bidden him lie down and sleep, and never heed it, it was but a dream; but he was of a better spirit than to act so; he gave him the best advice he could, for the forwarding of his advancement. The instruction Eli gave him, was, when God called the next time, to say, 'Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth.' He must call himself God's servant, must desire to know the mind of God. And he must prepare to hear, and promise to attend, 'thy servant heareth.' When we come to read the word of God, and to attend on the preaching of it, we should come thus disposed, submitting souls to the commanding light and power of it. It would seem that God spake the fourth time, in a way somewhat different from the other; though the call was, at other times, a call to him by name, yet now he stood and called; which intimates that there was now some new visible appearance of the divine glory to Samuel. This satisfied him that it was not Eli that called, for he now 'saw the voice that spake with him,' as it is expressed, Rev. i., 12. Now also the call was doubled, 'Samuel, Samuel,' as if God delighted in the mention of his name; or to intimate that now he should be made to understand who spake to him. Samuel said as he taught, 'Speak, for thy servant heareth.' Note, Good words should be put into children's mouths betimes, and apt expression of pious and devout affections, by which they may be prepared for better acquaintance with divine things, and trained to a holy converse with them. Samuel did not now rise and run as before when he thought Eli called, but lay still and listened. The more sedate and composed our spirits are, the better prepared they are for divine discoveries. Let all tumultuous thoughts and passions be kept under, and everything be quiet and serene in the soul, and then we are fit to hear from God. All must be silent, when he speaks. But, observe, Samuel left out one word; for he did not say, 'Speak, Lord,' but only, 'Speak, for thy servant heareth'; perhaps, as Bishop Patrick suggests, out of uncertainty whether it was God that spoke to him or no. However, by this answer, 'Speak, for thy servant heareth,' way was made for the message he was now to receive. And Samuel became acquainted with the words of God, and visions of the Almighty.

The message is short, not near so long as this which man of God brought: (ch. ii., 27): for Samuel being a child, it could not be expected he should remember a long message. Concerning the sin, it is the 'iniquity that he knoweth,' v. 13. The man of God told him of it, and many a time his own conscience had told him of it. Those that do not restrain the sins of others, when it is in the power of their hand to do it, make themselves partakers of the guilt. 'The iniquity of Eli's house shall not be purged with sacrifice nor offering for ever.' No atonement shall be made for the sin, nor any abatement of the punishment. This was the imperfection of the legal sacrifices, that there were iniquities which they did not reach, sins which they could not purge; 'but the blood of Christ cleanses from all sin,' and secures all those that by faith are interested in it, from that eternal death which is the wages of sin.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, Dec. 14.—Topic—Our fellowship. Ps. cxxxiii, 1-3; 1 Cor. xii., 12-27.

Junior C. E. Topic

LESSONS FROM THE FURNACE.

Monday, Dec. 8.—The folly of idolatry. Dan. iii., 1-12.

Tuesday, Dec. 9.—Courageous young men. Dan. iii., 13-18.

Wednesday, Dec. 10.—The evil of pride. Dan. iii., 19-23.

Thursday, Dec. 11.—God with his children. Dan. iii., 24-25.

Friday, Dec. 12.—God delivers his children. Dan. iii., 26, 27.

Saturday, Dec. 13.—The rewards of obedience. Dan. iii., 28-30.

Sunday, Dec. 14.—Topic—Old Testament miracles. VII. Lessons from the furnace. Dan. iii., 19-27.

A Soul-Winning Teacher.

Paster A. M. Hills, in 'The Revivalist,' says:—A number of years ago in a New England Sunday school a class of girls was given to a young woman in her teens. As fast as the girls were converted they were taken out of her class and unconverted girls took their place. Sixty-three girls were under her instruction, and sixty-one of them were converted.

She was then put in charge of the infant class. There were two hundred and forty-three in the class. The teacher said:—

'I keep these children till they are ten years old, and never expect one to leave the class unconverted. I visit every home that I may know the inside life of the family, and win their confidence and love. Then I invite the children to my house, and talk and pray with them and lead them to Jesus.'

The first Sunday I was under her father's roof five children came to her house to be taught the way to salvation. One day at a meeting of ministers her pastor was asked:—'What is the secret of the remarkable growth of your church?' He replied:—'The greatest single human factor is Miss H——, the teacher of our infant class. One week seven new families came to our church. Not an officer of the church knew one of them. We asked them how they happened to come. Their reply was—' "Our little children got into Miss H's infant class!" '

One may say, 'She was rich and had nothing else to do but call on the children.' You are mistaken. She supported herself by teaching in the public school and did all this work for Christ outside of school hours.

The next year after I visited her church, she was invited to address the International Sunday School Convention in Chicago. The next year to address the Convention in London. She became so invaluable to her church that she was employed as assistant pastor. Then Mr. Wannamaker heard of her, and engaged her for fifteen hundred dollars a year to labor in his great school in Philadelphia. She does not need to teach in the public school any more to earn her bread; she can give her whole time to praying with the children and talking to them about Jesus.

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LITTLE FOLKS

Friends.

(By Sally Campbell, in 'Presbyterian Banner.')

Laura was six years old. And a very happy little girl she was. For she had a new hat and a new carriage for her doll and a picture book and a slate besides. After breakfast she went and stood on the porch to take a look at her birthday. The air was soft and sunshiny, and the sky was blue, and the little spring leaves were coming out on the trees.

Laura turned her face up to the sun and gave an excited little hop.

'I love every thing in this world,' she said, 'and people, too,'

Joe heard her and laughed in an elderly way. Joe was twelve.

'It's a pretty jolly idea, though,' he acknowledged, as he went to school. 'I suppose if everybody felt so, everybody would be better off.'

The shortest walk to school was out of the side gate along two streets where the houses were small and the pavement was narrow. Joe liked it for another reason. In the window of one of these houses was generally sitting a boy of about his own size, in a big cushioned chair with a light stand beside it full of books and papers. Joe always walked slowly by this window and watched out of the corner of his eye; when the chair was empty it worried him, he was afraid that the boy was worse.

This morning, thinking of what Laura had said, the house was near before he knew. Catching sight of the thin figure in the big chair, Joe took a sudden resolution :

'I'm going to speak to him. We've seen each other times enough to know each other, I'm sure. According to Laura, what else are people in this world for ? Hello ! He's got his window open; that's good.'

So Joe halted and nodded and said, 'Good morning,' too.

'It's a nice day, isn't it ?' asked Joe.'

'Fine. I guess the spring's here.'

'I guess so. I'm going to school.'

Joe felt that he was not giving news, but he could not think of anything else. Clearing his throat, he began again.

'I say, you ought to have some of my mother's cookies; they are the best in town.'

The lunch basket was set on the window ledge and the cookies therein were very accurately halved.

'Another time I'll bring more,' said Joe, 'so they will divide bigger. Now we are acquainted, aren't we ? all but our names.'

Having found out that the boy in the window was Maurice Parker, Joe went on to school.

Almost always after this he stopped twice a day at the little house for a chat.

Joe and Laura had an uncle whom they both considered the greatest man living, next after their own father. When school ended and Uncle Doctor got a sight of Joe's report he told him that he was proud of him and that he was

'IT'S A NICE DAY, ISN'T IT?' ASKED JOE.

going to take him and any six of his friends that he chose for an all-day excursion down the river.

Joe soon had his party made up in his own mind. Suddenly he thought of Maurice.

'I wonder whether Maurice could go ! Wouldn't it be too much fun for anything if he could ! And I don't see why not.' Then his face clouded a little. 'Of course I'd have to leave some other fellow out.'

Well, perhaps you have guessed the rest of the story already. As Joe said, there is a tremendous big end to it for such a little beginning. Maurice went on the boat, and, during the course of the day, Uncle Doctor asked him a great many questions and turned his deep eyes on him a great many times. The very next morning Joe took his uncle out of the side gate and down the narrow street to the Parker's little house. And now Maurice goes to school every day as regularly as Joe himself and plays base ball at recess !

Not long ago Joe was thinking over all this, and remembering Laura's little birthday speech, he said to himself. 'It's pretty nice to love "things in this world and people, too." There is a lot of excitement about it sometimes.'

As for Maurice I wish that you could hear him talk about Joe and Uncle Doctor !

A Wise Dog.

(By Nina R. Allen, in 'Good Cheer.')

'Mischief' is the name of an intelligent dog of my acquaintance. She is devotedly attached to her master, Mr. Hay. As evening approaches, on almost any day, Mischief may be seen watching for his coming. She seems to know when it is time to expect him, and when twilight begins to fall she seats herself on the sofa, not far from a window, where she listens to the electric cars as they rush past the house. She pays no attention to the cars from the east, but when one comes from the west, especially if she hears it stop, she goes to the window and looks out towards the street corner where her beloved master alights. If Mr. Hay has not arrived by that car she will go back to her seat somewhat sadly, and patiently await the next east-bound car.

Sometimes Alice sits by the window, dreaming in the dusk, with a school book or some favorite volume on her lap, which she has been obliged to lay down on account of the failing light. Like most young people, she is fond of building air-castles. Often after having finished some such splendid edifice, before beginning another, she will notice Mischief's anxious face and say, 'Is grandpa coming, Mischief?' And the dog hearing 'grandpa' and 'coming,' will leave her place and look up into her face wistfully, to see whether she is in earnest. If the familiar brown overcoat of her master is actually in sight, Mischief signifies her joy in doggish fashion, and runs to an outside door, where she jumps up and down, whining dismally, until she is let out to rush eagerly across the yard and welcome him.

Mr. Hay and his son-in-law, Mr.

Browning, are in the habit of playing checkers almost every evening. At first Mischief, feeling neglected, objected to this, looking on with mournful eyes. Springing from her seat on the sofa at the end of every game, she would go to her master's side and look up in his face beseechingly, as much as to say, 'I really hope this is the last!' And when the men began another game, she would go back to her place dejectedly.

After some weeks, however, she became resigned, though when her master rises to put away the checker-board for the evening she shows her delight by a series of joyful barks and by prancing around him.

Apparently she has studied the game until she knows that it takes two to play it, for if only one of the men is in the room, the dog feels entitled to undivided attention. But if either of them comes into the sitting-room where the other is Mischief regards his coming as a signal for playing checkers.

One evening Mr. Browning came in and lay down on the sofa. The dog jumped into her master's lap and sat there a few mnuites, and then ran over to Mr. Browning, took him by the arm, barked, wagged her tail, and finally whined, which is her method of persuasion. Finding that he did not understand, she went to her master, then back and forth between the two.

Mrs. Browning, who sat in the parlor, said, 'I believe she wants you to play checkers. She thinks it is a task you are obliged to do every evening, and the sooner you get through with it the better.'

Mr. Browning then asked, 'What do you want, Mischief ? Do you want us to play checkers ?'

As if in reply, the dog immediately started for the library, when Mr. Browning rose to get the checker-board, which is kept there.

As soon as the men began to play she seemed satisfied, and sat in a chair, looking on with a wise face, as if she might give them valuable hints as to playing, if she chose. She interfered once by trying to take a checker from the board.

The checker playing has now been going on for about a year, and during this period Mischief has apparently been developing the ability to tell time. When the hands of the clock announce that it lacks five or six minutes of ten, Mischief goes to her friends, whether they are playing where she is, or in another room, and whines that it is time to stop.

The family say that they will not be surprised if Mischief next takes a hand at checkers herself.

The Boy With a Kodak.

John and his sister Flora were sitting on the grass in the front yard playing jackstones. It seemed impossible for these two children to play together for any length of time without having — what their big sister named—their 'differences.' Across the street stood a big hotel, always filled during the summer months with people who came to enjoy the sweet country air, and tan themselves on the lakes until their faces looked like mulattoes.

John looked up and saw a tall boy coming across the street. In his hand he carried a curious-looking box. He coolly stepped over the low iron fence that surrounded the yard, and seated himself on the grass a few feet from them. He did not seem inclined to talk, so the game proceeded the same as if he had not been there. Flora tossed the jackstones when John exclaimed, 'There ! that's a miss.'

'Well, it wasn't but a little one,' said Flora, holding it away from his outstretched hand.

'A miss is a miss, big or little,' said John, getting very much in earnest. 'Come, hand it over. It's my turn.' But Flora only shook her head defiantly and put her hand behind her.

'You're a cheat — that's what you are!' exclaimed John angrily.

At this Flora raised her hand and struck her brother on the arm. He resented it by making an ugly grimace at her.

Snap, snap, went the box in the strange boy's hand.

Both turned in wondering surprise.

'What makes that thing do that? What is it, anyhow?' John demanded.

'I'll tell you to-morrow,' said the tall boy, and stepping over the fence he walked quickly away.

'Queer chap, isn't he?' said John, looking after him uneasily.

Next day when they were playing in the yard, they saw the tall boy again crossing the street, but this time he had some cards in his hands.

'Here, sis,' said he, holding one toward Flora. She took it curiously, gazed at it in blank amazement, then her face flamed with shame and mortification.

There she was, photographed, her clinched fist raised, and in the act of striking her brother, while on her face was a most unbecoming expression of rage and revenge. Never before had she seen herself in a passion. Her mirror always reflected her face when in a complacent mood, which at such times was not uncomely. She had no idea it could become thus transformed. The tall boy then handed the other card to John.

He would have laughed outright had it not been a photograph of himself. The deep frown and the distorted features were anything but pleasant to look upon.

'You see, I took you yesterday when you were fighting,' explained the boy, leaning against the fence. 'You fight a great deal, don't you? I have tried several times to take you from my window across the street, but failed. Kodaks are getting to be quite common playthings now-a-days. We shall have to tidy up our manners, for there is no knowing when we are to be photographed. I have a stack of photographs of people who little dream that I have photographed them in all their moods and tenses. It's a fine way to study human nature. You may keep those pictures'; and so saying he walked away.

John and Flora looked at each other in shamefaced silence. One could not exult over the other. The defeat was for both of them.

'Say, Flora,' said John, at length, 'let's don't fight any more.'

'I won't if you won't,' answered Flora, who stood regarding her picture with decided ill-favor.

Ever after that day, when they felt that they were getting angry the remembrance of the picture which their sister had tacked up in each room caused them to change their tactics instantly. — Caroline Mosier, in the 'Advance.'

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is Dec. 1902, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

Temperance

Thy Kingdom Come.

(Rev. Dr. Carman, in the 'Christian Guardian.')

'Thy kingdom come.' With this prayer more and more studied, apprehended and felt in our innermost being, glowing in the intensest fires of our devout souls, we must be ready for the deepening and broadening of our moral convictions and for the brightening of the lines of duty in loyalty to Christ, and in fidelity to the brotherhood of man. The dross of partyism must be consumed. We must be prepared to do our duty as citizens, and stand for prohibition or against it, if must be, according to conscience, in the primary movements of electors, in our respective constituencies, and in all proper efforts for our cause, till the honest poll has rendered its verdict. Especially if we expect to secure the prohibition of the liquor traffic must we bend every energy to send representatives to Legislatures and Parliaments who can be trusted as faithful men in this conflict. And we must keep praying to God while we keep on working. There is a mighty constituency for prayer and influence and work that may not vote—I would they could in such an issue—I mean our Christian women. Their moral and spiritual energy has before now directed political issues, and can do it again. Let the women pray. Let our young people's societies, and the members thereof pray. Let all Christians pray. Let our Methodist people be fervent and constant in their prayers in the closet of private devotion, in the family, and in the house of God, that our land be speedily delivered from the curse of the drink traffic. We should pray for the liquor dealers, that they be saved, soul and body, from the effects of their business. We should pray for the victims of the traffic, that they be lifted out of the pit into which they are fallen. We should pray for our families, and our country, that our youth be kept from temptation and vice, and our people and our nation be delivered from the ravages of drunkenness. We should pray for our rulers, that they be faithful to their solemn trust in these regards. We should pray for all temperance and prohibition advocates and workers, that they have the mind of Christ, and an apostolic courage and zeal. Ceaseless, loving, faithful prayer may well besiege the throne of the heavenly grace, for some things really do depend on prayer, and the consequent faithful, obedient service. And let us, in all humility, persistency, and energy, in all faith and courage, talk and work and vote as we pray, and our God will give onto us the Spirit of power and of love and of a sound mind.

Education

(The 'Union Gospel News.')

At a recent meeting in Birmingham, addressed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, the presiding officer, Mr. Edwin Smith, said:

'We are being beaten in skill . . . by America. She has been lavish in spending money in educating the brains of her people while we have been lavish in poisoning them. If we spent per head on alcohol the same as America, our drink bill would be about sixty-six million (pounds) less than it now is. We can not succeed commercially while we are handicapped in this way to the extent of forty-eight per cent. The great mass of the working people in this country are totally ignorant of the effect of drink.' He said that England ought not to leave education on this subject merely to the temperance societies but that it 'should be undertaken by the state. Surely if the state must encourage the traffic for revenue it should in fairness educate every child in government schools as to the nature and danger of alcohol, and the benefits of total abstinence. . . . If the state will only educate the children against strong drink . . . England commercially may even yet be saved.'

It has been wisely said that 'industrial supremacy belongs to that country which enjoys the cheapest materials, the most improved machinery, and the most efficient labor.'

As clear brains and steady nerves are needed for the preparation of both material and machinery as well as for their use in production, that nation, other things being equal, whose brains are not dulled by alcohol and other narcotics will win in the world's competition.

Hail! Temperance, Hail!

A Madrigal.

(By Alex. Maclagan, Edinburgh.)

Born 1811; Died 1879.

Mr. Maclagan was a famous Scottish poet, who wrote and published many excellent poems and songs. He was one of the earliest contributors to the well-known 'Whistle Binkie,' a work which has long been much admired and appreciated by all lovers of our celebrated Scottish lyrics. He also rendered great service to the Temperance cause in its early days by the composition of valuable songs on its behalf. Such songs as 'Hurrah for the Cause' and 'Bumper Nae Mair.' In those days such songs were sung with great effect, and, having catching choruses, proved highly beneficial.

It is somewhat surprising that such songs, containing as they do valuable Temperance teaching, are now seldom, if ever, heard at Temperance meetings, and it would be well for the movement were the promoters thereof to arrange for their re-introduction.

The Madrigal here given is one of the best Temperance pieces ever written. It was set to excellent music some fifty years ago, and proved of great service to the cause.

Hail, Temperance, thou heavenly blessing;
Hail, Temperance, hail!
Life's sweetest joys in thee possessing;
Hail, Temperance, hail!
Peace and plenty smile around thee;
Truth with laurel wreaths hath crowned thee;
Faith with friendship's bands hath bound thee;
Hail, Temperance, hail!

Hail, friend to truth, and love, and beauty,
Hail, Temperance, hail!
To sing thy praises is our duty!
Hail, Temperance, hail!
Where thy lovely plants are growing,
Where thy crystal streams are flowing,
The sun of joy is ever glowing;
Hail, Temperance, hail!

See! see the glorious vessel steering;
Hail, Temperance, hail!
The haven of peace and virtue nearing;
Hail, Temperance, hail!
Up with the gag, should foes assail it,
Bravely to the mast we'll nail it!
Till nations yet unborn shall hail it;
Hail, Temperance, hail!

When life, and all life's scenes have vanished,
Hail, Temperance, hail!
And griefs from every bosom banished,
Hail, Temperance, hail!
The seed now sown shall perish never!
The fruits shall grow to God, the giver;
The flower in heaven shall bloom for ever;
Hail, Temperance, hail!

Prohibition in Kansas

Governor John A. Martin was one of the most resolute opponents of prohibition in 1880, but before his death became a firm advocate of the cause—converted by the logic of its success. In his last message to the legislature, he said: 'Fully nine-tenths of the drinking and drunkenness prevalent in Kansas eight years ago have been abolished; and I affirm, with earnestness and emphasis, that this state is to-day the most temperate, orderly, sober community of people in the civilized world. The abolition of the saloon has not only promoted the personal happiness and general prosperity of our citizens, but it has enormously diminished crime; has filled thousands of homes, where vice and want and wretchedness once prevailed, with peace, plenty and contentment; and has materially increased the trade and business of those engaged in the sale of useful and wholesale articles of merchandise. Many of our jails are empty, and all show a marked falling off in the number of prisoners confined. The dockets of our courts are no longer burdened with long lists of criminal cases. The business of the police courts of our larger cities has dwindled to one-fourth of its former proportions, while in the cities of the second and third class the occupation of police authorities is practically gone.'

Governor L. U. Humphrey says. 'The saloon, as a factor in politics, as a moral iniquity, has been outlawed and made "a fugitive and vagabond on the face of the earth," or that part of it within the territorial limits of Kansas. The law generally is being respected and enforced because by a sort of educational process it is becoming identified in the public mind with other criminal statutes.'

The Rev. B. Kelly, United States pension agent at Topeka, Kansas, said that there were forty-four counties in the state without a criminal in jail, three with only one each in jail, while over two hundred of the total was in six counties where the prohibition law was most laxly enforced.

Latent Drinkers

Under this heading Dr. Jacquet writes in 'L'Etoile du Matin': 'By the side of notorious drinkers there are a numerous class of drinkers in a latent state who, without giving themselves to drunkenness properly so called, nevertheless drink each day enough to permanently injure their health. Amongst them the excess of drinking does not betray itself by alcoholic delirium, mental aberration, or some serious illness; it is shown rather in a general diminution of the power of resistance in the individual, who more readily falls sick, and augments his chances of premature death. It is necessary to range in this category of drinkers the individuals who, for example, take a glass of beer before each meal, a glass of bitters or of absinthe, then drink copiously of wine while eating, add to their coffee a small glass of brandy or of kirsch, and finish the day by a seat in a tavern. These individuals preserve a normal appearance, attend punctually to their affairs, and would be very much astonished if you were to tell them that they were vulgar drinkers.'

A Peer's Experience

At a recent temperance meeting at Great Malvern Lord Monkswell made an important and very significant statement. He said he had been influenced to take up the temperance question by going as a guest to a licensed victuallers' dinner, where publican after publican got up and declared they cared nothing for foreign or domestic politics, and they should always vote and work for the candidate who did not interfere with their trade. This experience set him thinking.

AN ANNOUNCEMENT.

Every reader of the 'Northern Messenger' who is ailing, or in poor health, or has some friend or relative who is sick, should be interested in the offer on page 12 headed "Personal to Subscribers," made by Prof. Theo. Noel, the Geologist, of 101 York street, Toronto, Ont. Prof. Noel is the proprietor of the famous Vitae-Ore, a natural mineral medicine discovered by him many years ago while prospecting in the south-west, which he offers to send on thirty days' trial to every ailing person who requests it and will promise to use it carefully according to directions. Many have used V.-O. and can testify to its merits.—Adv.

HONOR ROLL

OF THE

TEMPERANCE PLEDGE CRUSADE.

FOR WEEK ENDING MONDAY NIGHT, Nov. 24.

*WALTER E. BALL, Uxbridge, O.
*M DENTER, [illegible] N S
*A. G NICHOLSON, [illegible] N B.
IRA LONGLEY, [illegible] N S
A CLAVERDON, Beach Meadow, N S.
N L PUTS, Malagash Centre, N S
C L BENTLEA, Central Cambridge, N B.
*M. G DAVIDSON, Noel, N.S.
M. O'BRIEN, Little Bass River, N.S.
E. GIBSON, Margaretville, N.S
GRACE FARQUHAR, Pugwash, N S.
*E. C. GARDINER, Brooklyn, N S
JAS. B. MOREHOUSE, Morehouse, N B.
*ARTHUR W. OVANS, Tatehurst, Q
*P. NICKERSON, Doctors' Cove, N S
S J GILEMORE, Russeltown, Que.
*GILBERT MATTHEW, Sawyerville, Q.
*H. G. ESTABROOK, Springhill, N.S.
W. T. CHURCH, Johnville, Q
*A. W. TONGE, Cookley, O
*LORNE JAMES, Stratford, O.
A. B. CLIMIE, Listowel, O.
WM. MILLAR, McDonald Corners, O.
DALTON McKEOWN, Russell, O.
MRS. GEO. NASH, Athens, O.
LOTTIE M. FERGUSON, Gravel Hill, O.
H. C. GRIFFIN, Baddow, O.
*ROSE JONES, Billings Bridge, O.
JAS HARRISON, [illegible] Q
*PERCY DAVIDSON, [illegible], O
REV W. C WASHINGTON, Paige, O
JENNIE MEPCER, Montreal, Q.
*WALTER U. STADIG, St. Francis, Me.
A. NICHOLSON, Gilfanders Mt., N.B.
F. R. RUTHERFORD, Belmore, O.
IVA H. CLEAVE, Acton, O.
R. R. SCOTT, McDonald's Corners, O.
L. BESWITHERICK, Arizona, Man.
E L. GODFREY, Mountain Grove, O.
IDA McTURNAN, Bryson, Q.
MAUDE SEAL, Cambridge, Iowa.
MRS. CALLAHAN, Port Shoreham, N.S.
*IRA BURGESS, Tilbury, O.
N J GRAHAM HAMILTON O
EMMA PARTRIDGE, Toronto, O.
J D ROBINSON, Winnipeg, M.
LOUISE FAULKNER, Dauphin, M
M S DALEITT Lower Cornwall, N B
*EDWIN GILLMORE, Eureka, N.S.
*BELLE SHAW, Martinvale., P.E.I.
MRS C M SPRAGUE, Harlem, O.
*P M DINSMORE, Tooraday, O
CERTIE SKALING, Gaspereau, N.S.
*M E M MASTER, Smithfield, O
JESSIE E RAWSON, Kingsville, O
*JA H IMRIE Toronto, O
PEARL MEISTER, New Ross, N.S.
JOHN SWAN Tweedside, N.B.
F J COLWELL Robertson' Pt, N.B
MABEL E. BILLS, Vars, O.
*HERBERT SELLS, Holloway, O.
C L RITCHESON, Stephen, O
NELLIE L GOWER, Westport, N S
G WHIDDEN, East Wentworth, N.S.
*J. WHITESIDE, Alberta, N W T
*L A McKEEN, Strathcona, N.W.T.
*M ALLANDER, Burton, O
HELEN EARL, Rockwood, O
*S. CUNNINGHAM, New Glasgow, Q.
ELMER W PUGSLEY, Toronto, O
*LIZZIE LAMONT, Brussels, O
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C. C. RELTON, Midgic Station, N.B.
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JAS. D SMART, Brockville, O
IDA M FARLANE, Prestonville, O.
H G THOMPSON, Derwent O
W. J FLEMING, Grenfell, N W T.
H C MORISON Moncton N B
*GRACIE McCHESNEY Arkona O
ANNIE VANSICKLE, Petrolea, O.
IDA M. SMILEY Leonard, O
DOUGALL LOUCKS, Russell, O
BASIL W. RINKLEY, Souris, M.
F J. WHITTON, Toronto, O.
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**JOHN McHILL, Lagg Sm, Q.
J M LEWTON, Pick River, Q
R M MOORE Hunterstown Q.
ADA WAINMAN, Orilla, O.
MINA A. CARTER, Mansfield, O.
F M SWITZER, Ottawa, O
ALICE B TURNER, Wardsville, O
NORA TAYLOR, Greenbank, O

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T F McLEAN, Cedarville, O.
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C MORRICK, Montreal, Q.
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L. KEARY, Rosetta, O.
R. FRALICK Mountain Grove, O.
MARIE HOVEY, Way's Mills, Q.
J. OTTOWELL PUE, Fraserville, Q.
MALCOLM H. COOK, Southampton, O.
LAURA F MERIFIELD, Ottawa, O.
*[illegible] O
*JOHN MUSGRAVE [illegible], O
ARTHUR M. SCRAM [illegible], O.
MASTER L SLOVER [illegible], O
N G LAMBAY [illegible] Q.
RETA UYVILL, Proton Station, O.
*MRS. F. FORGE, Windermere, O.
*MRS. E. WILLIAMS, Grand Mills, O.
JANE BARBER, A[illegible] O.
MRS. A E RICHARDT, [illegible], O
ELLA DORMAN, A[illegible] O
JOHN BRUCE, Perth O.
FANNY FROST, Danville, Q.
M. CHISHOLM, Eddystone, O.
J. D. WARD, Cobourg, O.
NELLIE PATTERSON, Arthur, O.
JAS APPLO [illegible] O
****H C SPILLER S[illegible], O.
*MISS E KEMP M[illegible], O
MELLIS S S Co[illegible] Mass, O
MALVIN BEATTIE, [illegible] Q
*HAROLD ROBINSON, [illegible], O
*NELLIE PEATTIE, [illegible] Q
ISABELLA BELL, G[illegible], O
*C K MORRISON O[illegible], Q
*FLORA E VAIL St Mc[illegible], N B
M M HAMPTON D[illegible], N S
M O. LARSEN, Dover Ind, N B
EVA STEINBURG, Bear Brook, O
G. HAMILTON, Brookfield, N.S
M. R. PURDY, Upper Malagash, N S
E J KNOX [illegible] N B
A. J MOORE, V[illegible], P.E.I.
C C STEWART, Kingsboro, P E I
AGGIE M KIM Hermans P O N S.
MAY MULLIGAN, Glenwood, O.
N. MULLIGAN, Glenwood, O.
G. E. HARKER Jacksonville, N B
W WALKER Port Hawkesbury, N S.
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MRS J LAWRENCE [illegible] O.
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DOLLIE MORRISON, W[illegible], O
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ROSS MACLOD, Sherbrooke, Q
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ALMA JOHNSON, Axe Lake O
BERTIE CLARKE Burlington Junction, O
ORMEY WALKER, Mo[illegible], O.
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M CAMPION Hamilton, O.
C. F. CUDNEY, Montrose, O.
A. WASHINGTON, Hemlock Lake, O.
P. J. O. FORD, Craighurst, O.
MAGGIE M BELL, Bradford, O
R PULLEN, Polden's Corners, O
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MISS SANFUNBERG Walford Stn., O.
DOTTIE TUSH Rob Roy, O.
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MASTER ROY POWC Berkeley, O
CLIFFORD G. DEACON, Montreal, O
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**REV. B COHOE Tupiertown, O
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JESSIE LANDSBOROUGH, Clinton, O.
HARLAND WEST, Colorado Springs.
T MACKEY Colorado Springs, U.S.A.
LENA WILEY, Scotia Lake, O
CASSIE A HUSTON, Verdun, O.

EUNICE SPRUNG, Gilbert's Mills, O.
JULIAN MOORE, Plainfield, O.
*REV. J. SALTON, Kingsey Falls, Q.
*WM. T. HEWTON, Hope Bay, O.
F W [illegible] NAN, Westmount, Q.
*WILDE [illegible] LMAN, Vancouver, B C.
JAS [illegible], O
WM [illegible], O
[illegible] J [illegible] ON, [illegible], O.
*SARAH PAGEY, [illegible] O
[illegible] SWEET, [illegible], Mich.
MRS. F S PAIGE [illegible] Mich.
MRS B BOWSER, Avenue, O
REV J M AUSTIN, [illegible], N S.
**REV R G VANS, [illegible], N B.
MYLETTE CAMPBELL, [illegible], Q
ANNIE DELANEY, Central Grove, N S.
[illegible] Cove Brook, Col. Co, N S.
P B [illegible] North Kemptville, N S.
PEARL McKINLEY, Woodstock, N B.
A V PATTERSON, Jenkins, N B.
*[illegible] LAYCOCK, Salisbury, N.B.
*W G PO[illegible] Ottawa, O.
Z A WAGNER Wolfville, N S
*[illegible] GENSIS [illegible], O
F A NOLES, Middleton, N S
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GEO. I. RAFUSE, Park Dale, N S.
JESSIE FARQUHAR, Durham, Q
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HAZEL WILSON, Scotia Lake, O.
JAS SAMSON, [illegible] Q
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*****EAST END METH. S S., Montreal.
*MINNIE TAIT Iron Bridge, O.
*MARTHA M SCOTT, Scottstown, Q
**E M SCOTT Rockford, O
***W. HOWELL, Lacombe, Alta.
WILLIE HENDERSON, London O
MRS D BROWN, Hells Prairie, B.C.
FRED WILSON Victoria, O
LILLA HALL Monkhouse, O
**ROLLO EARL, Winchester, O.
C WLEGAR, Maxville, O
**F M McDOUGALL, Maxville, O.
W HUEBG Montreal, Q.
ALLEN LIFFENTY, Bay View, N S.
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*ALEX JAMIESON, River Canard, N B.
H G WRIGHT Dalhousie [illegible], N S.
A D BLERY, Morganville, N S
AGNES DUFF, Stewartville, O
ADA E YOUNG Burton, N B.
ALSIE GRANDE, Montreal, Q.
*JOHNNIE McINTOSH, Gravel Hill, O.
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*REV. E H HOWE, Freeport, N S.
M MENHENNRICK, Ingersoll, O.
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REV. S SALTON London, O.
N. CARMICHAEL, Penetanguishene, O.
H WILKINSON Trout Creek, O.
EVA PETHERLY, Kintore, O
RUBY PATERSON, Hamilton, O.
***MEN'S OWN Calvary Ch., Montreal.
**CALVARY CHURCH, Montreal.
**J. O. SIMARD, Montreal, Q.

Total Signatures to date 29,180. 6,770 Pledges Received Since Last Issue.

All those who put this mark after their names have sent in at least forty signatures to the pledge and are entitled to a copy of Sir Frederick Leighton's picture 'Christ Before Pilate.' Each additional list of twenty names entitles the sender to an additional; but no one gets more than one picture.

Mr Walter E Ball, Uxbridge, Ont., heads this list as his list was the best received for the week beginning Tuesday, Nov. 18.

Personal to Subscribers

We will send to every subscriber or reader of 'THE NORTHERN MESSENGER' a full-sized ONE-DOLLAR package of VITÆ-ORE, by mail, POSTPAID, sufficient for one month's treatment, to be paid for within one month's time after receipt if the receiver can truthfully say that its use has done him or her more good than all the drugs and doses of quacks, or good doctors or patent medicines he or she has ever used. Read this over again carefully, and understand that we ask our pay only when it has done you good, and not before. We take all the risk; you have nothing to lose. If it does not benefit you, you pay us nothing. VITÆ-ORE is a natural, hard, adamantine, rock-like substance—mineral—ORE—mined from the ground like gold and silver, and requires about 20 years for oxidization. It contains free iron, free sulphur and magnesium, and one package will equal in medicinal strength and curative value 800 gallons of the most powerful, efficacious mineral water drunk fresh at the springs. It is a geological discovery, to which there is nothing added or taken from. It is the marvel of the century for curing such diseases as Rheumatism, Bright's Disease, Blood Poisoning, Heart Trouble, Diphtheria, Catarrh and Throat Affections, Liver, Kidney and Bladder Ailments, Stomach and Female Disorders, La Grippe, Malarial Fever, Nervous Prostration and General Debility, as thousands testify, and as no one, answering this, writing for a package, will deny after using. Vitæ-Ore will do the same for you as it has done for hundreds of your neighbors, if you will give it a trial, which none should hesitate to do on this liberal offer. SEND FOR A $1.00 PACKAGE AT OUR RISK. You have nothing to lose if the medicine does not benefit you. WE WANT NO ONE'S MONEY WHOM VITÆ-ORE CAN NOT BENEFIT. Can anything be more fair? One package is usually sufficient to cure ordinary cases; two to four for chronic, obstinate cases. Investigation will bear out that we MEAN JUST WHAT WE SAY in this announcement and will do just as we agree. Write to-day for a package at our risk and expense, giving your age and ailments, so that we may give you special directions for treatment if same be necessary, and mention this paper, so we may know you are entitled to this liberal offer. This offer will challenge the attention and consideration, and afterward the gratitude, of every living person who desires better health, or who suffers pains, ills and diseases, which have defied the medical world and grown worse with age. We care not for your skepticism, but ask only your investigation, and at our expense regardless of what ills you have, by sending to us for a package. Address, THEO. NOEL, Geologist, Dept. A. M., 101 York St., Toronto, Ont.

Correspondence

Middle River, C.B., N.S.

Dear Editor and kind friends,—A few months ago my letter appeared in the 'Messenger,' asking for some kind friends to correspond with me, and the letters were so numerous in reply that it was impossible to answer them all. Perhaps when I tell you of my condition, you will agree with me for not answering all your kind letters. Seven years this month I was stricken down with rheumatic fever, which left me in a helpless condition ever since, and the Lord only knows what I suffered with pain in those seven years. But I have found Jesus to be my helper in my affliction, and I know that he is with me in these dark hours of sorrow, and that he sustains and guides me, so that I feel as if I could almost touch his loving hand, and he causes my hope in himself to be so bright that I rejoice. Now, dear friends, the Lord be your exceeding great reward for your kindness to me. I earnestly beseech the Lord to guide and bring you all in safety into Jesus glorious kingdom. And now, dear friends, I bid you all farewell. Your affectionate brother in Christ, Philip M. McLennan, Upper Middle River, C.B., N.S.

Neuton Mills.

Dear Editor,—As I have not seen a letter from this place I thought I would write one. I am going to school, and am in the fourth book, and study history, geography, and arithmetic. I have two sisters and three brothers. My birthday is on May 22. I have a little baby sister; her name is Jean. I go to Mission Band.

JULIA J. R.

Owen Sound, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl. I have four sisters and one brother. One of my sisters takes the 'Northern Messenger' every Sunday. I go to school and Sunday-school. My teacher's name is Miss Andrew. I am in the part second book at school. I have not seen any letters from Owen Sound yet.

LILLIAN F. (Per M. F.)

Flodden, Que.

Dear Editor,—I am going to get mamma to write a letter for me to the 'Messenger.' I am six years old. My birthday is on Aug. 10. I have two cats, one staye in the barn and the other at the house. We have a dog named Chummie. I have a little brother nine months old; his name is Murray. I have not started to school yet; I am going next summer. The teacher's name is Miss Reynolds. STUART T. S.

Dix, Ill.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to you. I take the 'Messenger' and like it very much. I go to school, and I like my teacher. I have two brothers and two sisters. My oldest brother is seventeen and my youngest brother is five. I am in the fourth reader. I live three-quarters of a mile from school. I live on a hill in a little grove. My papa is going to make a sled for my little brother, and he said we would go coasting down the hills. Has any little reader got the same birthday as mine, June 29? ALTA C. (Age 12.)

Garden Hill, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am eight years old. I go to Sunday-school and get the 'Messenger' there, and my teacher's name is Mrs. Dyer. I go to day school and my teacher's name is Mr. Kelly. I have three pets, a dog and two cats. My father is a farmer; he has three horses and four cows.

BEATRICE J. A.

Port Rowan.

Dear Editor,—I have taken the 'Messenger' for two years and enjoy reading it very much. Last week I got four new subscribers and received my Bagster Bible, for which I wish to thank you. I am very much pleased with it. I am eight years old. I attend school and am in the second reader. I have one little sister, Marion, who is six years old. Port Rowan, where I live, is on Long Point Bay. In the summer we enjoy boating on the bay, and sometimes in the winter we have very nice ice for skating. Thanking you again for the Bible I received, I am, your little friend, HELEN A. FRANKLIN.

Lily Lake, K. Co., N.B.

Dear Editor,—I thought I would write and renew my subscription. I wrote a letter before and did not see it printed. I have two pets, a cat and a dog. I go to school, and I have nearly a mile to walk; my teacher's name is Miss Fowler.

HELEN A. G. (Age 10.)

Hampshire Mills, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I go to Sunday-school and get the 'Messenger' and like it very much. My birthday is on Aug. 2. I have a brother and a sister. EDNA. (Age 7.)

Ladysmith.

Dear Editor,—I have seen so many little boys' and girls' letters in the dear old 'Messenger,' so I thought I would write one, too. My sister gets the 'Messenger' at the Presbyterian Sunday-school. I have not written to the 'Messenger' before. I have three sisters and two brothers. I am fourteen years old. We have got a piano and I take music lessons. The little girl who gave the riddle was very clever; I could not guess it. I wonder if any of the other members did. I hope she will write again and tell us the answer to it, as I am anxious to know, and, I suppose, some of the other members are, too. I got a roll of honor on the last day of school for deportment. I love to read the correspondence.

A Little 'Messenger' Reader.

Cornwall, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am eleven years old and in the Senior IV. book. Several times last summer I went with some friends to Sheik's Island, beside the Long Sault Rapids. At the west end there is a fine grove of trees from which a good view of the rapids can be obtained, and of the line-boat, passing on its way to Montreal, at noon. We had a toy canoe which got into the rapids and we thought it was lost, but while I was walking along the shore I saw it tossed up on the rocks. Farther down there is a capital bathing place in a bay, where the swell rolls in from the rapids, but without an under-current. There is good sleighing and lots of snow here. W. A.

Bear River, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I have taken the 'Northern Messenger' for one year and like it very much. I go to school every day, and I am in the seventh grade. My teacher's name is Miss Daniels. I have six lessons every day. I have two pets, a cat and a kitten, one Daisy, the other Topsy. I am thirteen years old, and my birthday is on July 23. I have two brothers and no sisters; their names are Howard and Willard. I go to Sunday-school.

OLIVE A. R. (Age 13.)

Souris, Man.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Northern Messenger.' I have taken it for three years. I think it is a very nice paper. I have a little pet dog called Towzer. I have one sister and three brothers. I go to school every day; my teacher's name is Miss Balfour. My father is a farmer. MARY A. C. (Age 12.)

Wolseley, Assa.

Dear Editor,—We get the 'Messenger' at our Sunday-school. We have taken it for three years and like it very much. My father is superintendant of our Sunday-school. I have four sisters and four brothers. I go to school with one of my brothers and two sisters. We go to a country school about two miles from our place. We live about five miles out of Wolseley, which is our nearest town. I have no relatives nearer than in Winnipeg. We had two pigeons, but our cat killed one of them. We have a dog named Barney. I am eleven years old. MARY G. B.

Atwood, Ont.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to you. We get the 'Messenger' at the Sunday-school and I like it very much. I am eight years old. I have one sister and no brothers. I go to school every day; my teacher's name is Miss Meredith, and I like her very much. I live on a farm with my grandpa. I have one dog and two cats. MARIETTA B.

Clearwater, Man.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Messenger.' I am eight years old. I go to school; I am in the fourth reader. I play football at school and find it fine fun. My favorite studies at school are: reading, spelling, dictation, arithmetic, geography, music. At home I saw wood, help to do the chores at the stable. The weather has been very fine around here, but it is very cold now. My father is a clergyman; he moved from the Province of Quebec; he takes ten copies of the 'Messenger.' I have gone about 1,000 miles from home on a train. With a horse and buggy I have gone over 100 miles. The profession I would like to take when I grow up is farming. I think this is all this time.

JAMES A. L.

East Mapleton, N.S.

Dear Editor—This is my first letter to the 'Northern Messenger' and I have only seen one letter from this place. It was so stormy to-day that we could not go to school, so I thought I would improve the time by writing to you. My eldest sister took the 'Messenger' for about eight years, but now I have it coming in my name. We like it very much, and mamma says she would not do without it for anything. We have two black cats that will open the door themselves. They jump up on the side of the door and put their paw on the latch; then they swing in on the door. We have also a pet pigeon that will scrape its wings against the door to be let in. We have one dog called Dike; his real name was Klondike, but my little brother could not say it plain, so we called him Dike, and now he hardly knows his old name. My papa went out West on the harvest excursion and came back with great praise for Manitoba. I am eight years old and am in the fifth grade. My birthday is on May 19.

FLORENCE A. S.

Education Department, Toronto.

Dear Editor,—I see so many letters in the 'Messenger' from little girls and boys about my age, that I thought I would write one. I am eight years old. I was born in the Education Department, Toronto. I live there with my papa and mamma. We get the 'Messenger' in our Sunday-school every Sunday. I like reading it very much. Mr. Gordon is our minister, and Mr. Nelson is our superintendent. I send the 'Messenger' to my cousins in Scotland; I know they like to read it. I have a great many cousins in Scotland and some in the States, too. My cousin Maud lives with me; she is older than me. I go to school; I am in the third bok. I have two cats; one I call 'Madam' and the other 'Poy.' 'Madam' is the mother, and 'Poy' is the kitten. Madam brings rats and birds to Poy; she brought a bat one night; Poy was playing with it. Papa and I put it in the bird cage, but he got out between the wires, and we let him go. I was very sorry to put him out in the cold, but mamma said Poy would kill him. I would like to tell you how nice our city was decorated when the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall was here, but it would make my letter too long, so I will leave it for my next.

EDNA McC.

NORTHERN MESSENGER

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HOUSEHOLD.

Physical Culture at Home.

(Cynthia Westover Alden, in 'Success.')

America still has several million girls who find a large part of their physical culture in helping mamma, and are not blushing because of the fact. For such girls, the vista of possibilities is long and alluring.

For arms, fingers, and wrists, washing and wiping dishes will be found admirable. One is as good as the other. Perhaps the water aids in giving suppleness to the joints of the fingers. That is an advantage washing dishes has over wiping them. However, there is surely a fine elbow movement in the wiping.

Bed-making, as it is still taught in the homely physical culture academies of Yankee farmhouses, cannot be too highly recommended. With the folding of every counterpane, blanket, and sheet, the arms are stretched as far apart as they will go, each hand holding one end. Then, standing perfectly erect, the chest is thrown out. Quickly the hands are brought together again, and, presto! the sheet is folded double. Shoulders, body and limbs are all developed by the mattress turning. The eye and the sense of symmetry learn much from the regular arrangement of counterpane and pillows. Of course, this exercise ought not to be carried too far.

Sweeping gives much the same motion, without the jerkiness of golfing strokes. For the graceful perfection of arms and shoulders, so much desired by every ambitious girl, nothing could be better. I do not advise excess in this recreation. But there will be nothing harmful if you only sweep each room in the house once a week.

Floor scrubbing, like lawn tennis, is rather violent, and not to be tried unless you are sure about your heart. At first, it will be almost as severe on the knees as rowing in a shell; but, as you get used to the occupation, it will give a subtle satisfaction of its own.

Running up stairs when mamma wants something is first-class exercise, and running down stairs is almost as good. Interesting diversions will be found in egg beating and ice cream freezing. Dusting ought to have a chapter by itself. First, you are down on all fours; then you are on tiptoe, seeing how far the duster will reach. This tiptoeing, with its ankle development, is superb. But that isn't all. You twist yourself into all sorts of posi- furniture. First you are on one knee, and then on the other. Every muscle, every tendon is brought into service before you are through. Even this magnificent exercise can be overdone, but you will make no mistake if you only dust every room after you have swept it—although most housekeepers dust oftener.

Selected Recipes

Cauliflower in Batter—Boil a head of cauliflower until nearly cooked in water to which has been added a teaspoonful salt; then drain and divide into sprigs. Dip each sprig in batter made of four ounces of flour, a gill of tepid water, one tablespoonful melted butter, the whites of two eggs beaten to a stiff froth and a saltspoonful of salt. Fry in boiling fat until a light brown, arrange on a dish in a pyramid.

Peach Custard.—Prepare a pint of peach pulp by rubbing the peaches, after they are pared, through a colander. Add the well-beaten yolks of three eggs, a cupful of milk or cream and sugar to taste. Bake in a slow oven until it thickens. Then cover with a meringue made of the whites of the eggs and three tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar, and brown quickly. Two tablespoonfuls of blanched almonds, chopped fine, will give a delicious flavor to the meringue.

How to Make Egg Soup.—Stir a teaspoonful of beef extract into one quart of boiling water; add a grated onion, an eighth of a teaspoonful of celery seed or a little celery chopped, half a teaspoonful of salt and a saltspoonful of pepper; stir constantly until it reaches the boiling point; strain through a fine sieve, and pour it while hot into the well-beaten yolks of two eggs. Add four tablespoonfuls of carefully boiled rice, and serve very hot.—'Lidies' Home Journal.'

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ELEGANTLY DECORATED ENGLISH CHINA DINNER AND TEA SET
12 Dinner Plates, 12 Tea Plates, 12 Soup Plates, 12 Cups, 12 Saucers, 12 Fruit Saucers, 12 Butter Pats, 2 Vegetable Dishes, 2 Covers, 1 10-inch Meat Platter, 1 14-inch Meat Platter, 1 Gravy Boat, 1 Tea Pot and Cover, 1 Sugar Bowl and Cover, 1 Creamer and 1 Slop Bowl—in all 97 **full size Pieces** of handsome decorated China **given** 1st for selling only 2 doz. **14k gold finished stone set slide Lockets at 15c.** each, and getting 3 other agents to do the same, or 2nd for selling only 4 doz. yourself. These beautiful Friendship Heart Lockets are of exquisite shape and finish and are each set with a brilliant imitation precious stone. They are used to hold photographs. In the large cities **millions have been sold** at 50c. each. At our price, 15c., **they go like wildfire.** You can easily earn this handsome Dinner and Tea Set by a little pleasant work. All the **97 Pieces** are full size for family use. Write to-day and we will send you the Lockets postpaid. **Don't miss this chance. The Lockets sell themselves. AGENTS TRADING CO., DEPT. 471 TORONTO, ONTARIO**

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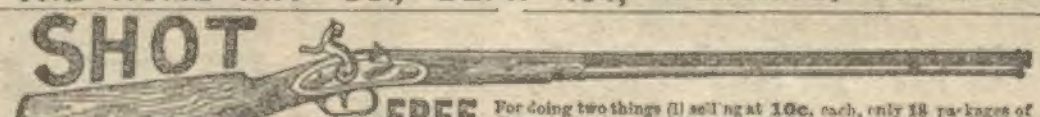

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for selling at **10c.** each only **20** large packages of Lemon, Vanilla and Almond Flavoring Powders. One package equals 50c. worth of Liquid Flavoring and is far better. **Everybody buys.** This **wonderful Walking Doll** is beautifully dressed in satin, trimmed with elegant lace. She has jointed neck and arms, golden ringlets, and when wound up walks as naturally as any living child. Write to-day and we will send the Flavoring Powders postpaid. **THE HOME ART CO., Dept. 478, Toronto.**

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Soft, warm, glossy black, 3 feet 6 inches long, 5 inches wide, made of selected full furred skins with 6 fine full black tails. A handsome, stylish Fur given **1st** for selling at 15c. each only 7 14K gold finished, stone set, Slide Lockets and getting 3 other Agents to do the same, or (2nd) for selling 14 yourself. These beautiful Lockets, set with brilliant imitation precious stones, look cheap at 50c. At 15c. they go like wildfire. Write to-day and we will send the Lockets postpaid. **The AGENTS TRADING CO., Dept. 488 Toronto, Ontario.**

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Mr. E. S. Smithurst, of Sydney, Australia, writing recently said: 'On speaking to a friend at this place I asked if he knew the Montreal 'Witness.' He replied: "Of course I do, and it is the best family paper which I know of in the world." An opinion in which I fully concurred.'

'Northern Messenger' subscribers may have 'Daily Witness' on trial at the rate of twenty cents a month, or 'Weekly Witness' at seven cents. We suggest that this offer be taken advantage of by those whose subscriptions to 'Northern Messenger' have still some months to run, so that both subscriptions may expire contemporaneously, when the special club offers may be availed of.

Postage extra for Montreal city and trans oceanic countries.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Publishers, Montreal.

THE HONOR ROLL.

Names deferred for lack of space will appear in succeeding issues.

We hope to receive the portrait of a Crusader who has secured a large number of signatures in time for publication in next issue.

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Double Hunting Case, beautifully Gold finished and richly engraved in handsome Solid Gold designs, stem wind and set, imported jewelled works, accurate and reliable. A very beautiful watch. Looks **worth $100.00.** We give it for doing two things: (1) Selling at **10c.** only 1½ doz. packages of Lemon, Vanilla and Almond Flavoring Powders, (2) getting 3 other agents to do the same, or by selling 3 doz. yourself. One package equals 20c. worth of Liquid Flavoring and is far better. **Everybody buys.** You can earn **this elegant watch in a few minutes.** Write to-day and we will send the Flavoring Powders postpaid. **The HOME ART CO., DEPT. 473, TORONTO.**

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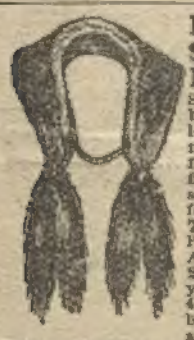
Wonderful speaking doll. Laughs, cries and talks, says "Mamma" and "Papa" as plainly as any living child. She is a beauty, too, prettier than any baby you ever saw. Has rosy cheeks, laughing eyes, real pearly teeth and long golden ringlets. Get her and you will have the only real talking doll in your part of the country. Not one cent to pay. All we ask you to do is to sell at **10c.** each only 15 packages of Lemon, Vanilla and Almond Flavoring Powders. One package equals 20c. worth of Liquid Flavoring and is far better. **Nothing sells like it. Everybody buys.** Write to-day and we will send you the Flavoring Powders postpaid. You can easily sell them and earn this **Wonderful Speaking Doll** in a few minutes. **The Home Art Co., Dept. 487 Toronto, Ontario.**

FREE GOLD CASED WATCH
given for doing two things: (1) selling at **10c.** each only 1½ doz. packages of blue-black Chinese Ink Powders, (2) getting 3 more agents to do the same, or selling 3 doz. yourself. Each package makes five 5c. bottles (25c. worth) of Superior Ink. It is so **cheap** and useful that **everybody buys.** This handsome watch is elegantly engraved in Solid Gold designs, open face, stem wind and set, fitted with imported jewelled works, cylinder escapement, reliable and accurate. Looks worth $50.00. You can easily earn it in a few minutes. Write for Ink Powders to-day. **NATIONAL PEN & INK CO., DEPT. 482 TORONTO, ONT.**



FUR SCARF FREE

Soft, warm, glossy black, 3 feet 6 inches long, 5 in. bea wide, made of selected full furred skins with 6 fine full black tails. A handsome, stylish Fur given **1st** for selling at **15c.** each only 7 14K gold finished Scarf Pins and securing 3 other Agents to do the same, or **2nd,** for selling in all only 14 yourself. These Pins come in 4 styles: a Deer's Head with a brilliant gem set between the antlers, a dainty Butterfly set with an Electric Diamond, a Tortoise set with a splendid imitation precious stone, and an Owl holding a rainbow tinted Opal in its claws. These Pins are equal to anything sold by jewelers at $1.00. At our price, **15c.,** you can sell dozens in a few moments. Just try them. Write to-day and we will send the Scarf Pins postpaid. **THE NATIONAL JEWELRY CO., DEPT. 484 TORONTO.**

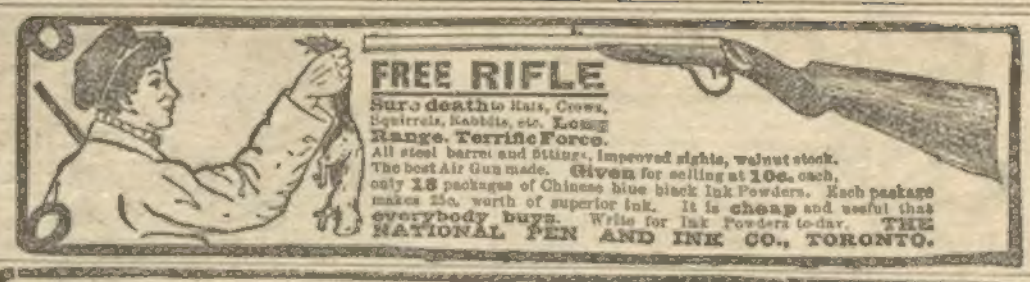
FREE GOLD WATCH
LADY'S OR GENT'S SIZE

Double Hunting Case, beautifully Gold finished and richly engraved in handsome Solid Gold designs, stem wind and set, imported jewelled works, accurate and reliable. A very beautiful watch. Looks **worth $50.00. We give it** for doing two things: (1) Selling at **10c.** each only 1½ doz. packages of Chinese blue-black Ink Powders; (2) Getting 3 more agents to do the same or by selling 3 doz. yourself. Each package makes five 5c. bottles (25c. worth) of superior Ink. It is so **cheap** and useful that **everybody buys.** Write to-day and we will send the Ink Powders postpaid. **NATIONAL PEN AND INK CO., DEPT. 472 TORONTO.**

FREE STEAM FIRE ENGINE,
made entirely of steel, iron and brass, beautifully finished, with driving wheel, shaft and piston, polished brass boiler and steam chest, Russian iron furnace compartment, brass steam pump with suction hose and a long fire hose, with a brass nozzle, given for selling at 10c. each only 1½ doz. packages of Lemon, Vanilla and Almond Flavoring Powders. Each 10c. package equals 20c. worth of liquid flavoring and is far better. **Everybody buys.** You can earn this wonderful Fire Engine in a few minutes. Write to-day and we will send the Flavoring Powders postpaid. **The HOME ART CO., Dept. 480 Toronto, Ont.**

FREE GOLD WATCH
LADY'S OR GENT'S SIZE

Double Hunting Case, beautifully Gold finished and richly engraved in handsome Solid Gold designs, stem wind and set, imported jewelled works, accurate and reliable. A very beautiful watch. **Looks worth $50.00.** We give it, **1st,** for selling at **15c.** each only **1 doz. Canadian Home Cook Books** and getting 3 other agents to do the same, or **2nd,** for selling in all 9 doz. yourself. These Books are nicely printed, beautifully bound and each contains **739** choice recipes. Write to-day and we will send you the Cook Books postpaid. You can easily sell them in a few minutes. **Every housekeeper buys one. Don't miss this grand chance. Home Specialty Co., Dept. 473, Toronto, Ont.**

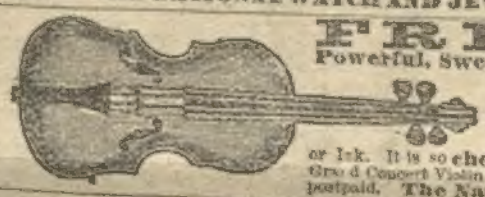


FREE RIFLE
Sure death to Rats, Crows, Squirrels, Rabbits, etc. **Long Range. Terrific Force.**
All steel barrel and fittings, improved sights, walnut stock. The best Air Gun made. **Given** for selling at **10c.** each, only **18** packages of Chinese blue black Ink Powders. Each package makes 25c. worth of superior ink. It is **cheap** and useful that **everybody buys.** Write for Ink Powders to-day. **THE NATIONAL PEN AND INK CO., TORONTO.**

FREE 97-PIECE DINNER AND TEA SET

full size for family use, made of the finest ware, in the very newest shapes and latest designs, suitable for any table. The decorations are clear and distinct, delicate in design, and the whole effect is stylish, beautiful and artistic; a set that will give you lasting pleasure because it will stand the wear of years, the colors never losing their Brilliancy. This elegant set consists of 12 Dinner Plates, 12 Tea Plates, 12 Soup Plates, 12 Cups, 12 Saucers, 12 Fruit Saucers, 12 Butter Pads, 2 Vegetable Dishes, 2 Covers, 1 10-inch Meat Platter, 1 14-inch Meat Platter, 1 Gravy Boat, 1 Tea Pot and cover, 1 Sugar Bowl and cover, 1 Creamer and 1 Slop Bowl—in all 97 full size pieces, all light in weight, perfect in color, extra smooth, and for beauty and richness equal to any Dinner Set ever sold at retail for less than $25.00. We **give it free** for doing 3 things—1, selling at **15c.** each only 2 doz. handsome pieces of Jewelry: Lockets, Cuff Links, Stick Pins, Brooches, etc.; 2, getting 3 more agents to do the same or by selling 4 doz. yourself. Every piece of our Jewelry looks worth 50c. Mrs. Jno. Fowlers, Desboro, Ont., says: "The dishes are most beautiful and I am so well pleased with them that I do not know how to thank you. The neighbors all think they are grand and my husband is delighted with them." If you have longed to possess a handsome set of dishes but yet felt hardly able to afford one, here is your chance to get one free. Write to-day and we will send the Jewelry postpaid. The National Watch and Jewelry Co., Dept. 490, Toronto.

SHOT GUN FREE
For doing two things: (1) selling at **15c.** each, only **12** handsome pieces of Jewelry Stick Pins Brooches, Lockets, etc. (2) Getting 3 more agents to do the same or by selling 3 doz. yourself. Every piece of Jewelry looks worth 50c. At our price **15c., everybody buys.** This splendid gun is finely made with best quality steel barrel, taper choke-bored, reliable lock, highly finished hardwood stock with steel shoulder plate and trigger guard, and metal tipped ramrod. It is accurately sighted and **guaranteed a splendid shooter.** Dealers ask $6.00 for this gun. You can get one absolutely free in exchange for a few minutes of your spare time. Write to-day and we will send you the Jewelry postpaid **THE NATIONAL WATCH AND JEWELRY CO., DEPT. 483 TORONTO, ONTARIO.**



FREE VIOLIN.
Powerful, Sweet Tone with strings and bow, full size, Stradivarius model, made of selected wood, with highly polished top, inlaid edges and ebony finished trimmings, given for doing two things: (1) selling at 10c. each 15 packages of Chinese blue-black Ink Powders, and (2) getting 3 more agents to do the same, or by selling 2½ doz. yourself. Each package makes five 5c bottles (25c. worth) of Superior Ink. It is so **cheap** and useful that **everybody buys.** You can earn this Grand Concert Violin in a few minutes. Write to-day and we will send the Ink Powders postpaid. **The National Pen & Ink Co., Dept. 491, Toronto, Ont.**

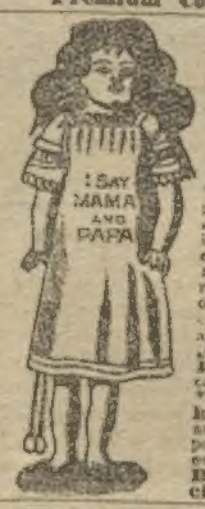
97 PIECES FREE DINNER AND TEA SET

Elegantly decorated English China, 12 Dinner Plates, 12 Tea Plates, 12 Soup Plates, 12 Cups, 12 Saucers, 12 Fruit Saucers, 12 Butter Pads, 2 Vegetable Dishes, 2 Covers, 1 10-inch Meat Platter, 1 14-inch Meat Platter, 1 Gravy Boat, 1 Tea Pot and Cover, 1 Sugar Bowl and Cover, 1 Creamer and 1 Slop Bowl—in all 97 full size pieces of handsome decorated China **given away** for doing two things: (1) Selling at 15c. each only 2 doz. Canadian Home Cook Books. (2) getting 3 other agents to do the same, or by selling 4 doz. yourself. These books are nicely printed, beautifully bound, and each contains 739 choice recipes. Send your order to-day. You can easily sell the Cook Books in a few minutes. Every housekeeper keeps one. 70,000 sold already. **The Premium Co., Dept. 471 Toronto.**

This genuine Columbia Phonograph reproduces Songs, Speeches, musical imitations, instrumental selections, etc., in a most lifelike manner. We give it complete with five up-to-date records for doing two things: (1) selling at 10c. each 18 packages of **Lemon, Vanilla and Almond Flavoring Powders,** and (2) securing 3 other agents to do the same, or selling 3 doz. yourself. Each package equals 10c. worth of Liquid Flavoring and is far better. **Everybody buys.** Write for Flavoring Powders to-day. The Home Art Co., Dept. 481 Toronto.

GIRLS LOOK

Little Princess, the prettiest doll in the world, nearly 2 ft. high, elegantly dressed from head to foot in silks and satins, lace and velvet, with stylish hat, dainty little slippers, real stockings, and lace-trimmed under-clothing. Can be dressed and undressed like any live baby. As pretty as a fairy Princess, rosy cheeks, pearly teeth, beautiful eyes and golden ringlets. Can stand alone or sit in a chair. **Given** for selling at **15c.** each only **12 14K** Gold Finished Scarf Pins. These Pins come in 4 Styles—a Deer's Head with a brilliant gem set between the Antlers, a dainty Butterfly set with an Electric Diamond, a Tortoise set with a splendid imitation precious stone, and an Owl holding a rainbow tinted Opal in its claws. These Pins are equal in appearance to anything sold by Jewellers at $1.00. At our price **15c.** you can sell dozens in a few minutes. Just try them. Write to-day and we will send the Scarf Pins postpaid. The National Jewelry Co., Dept. 470. Toronto, Ontario.



TALKING DOLL
FREE FREE FREE

Wonderful speaking doll. Laughs, cries and talks, says "Mamma" and "Papa" as plainly as any living child. She is a beauty, too, prettier than any baby you ever saw. Has rosy cheeks, laughing eyes, real pearly teeth and long golden ringlets. Get her and you will have the only real talking doll in your part of the country. Not one cent to pay. All we ask you to do is to sell at **15c.** each only **9 Canadian Home Cook Books.** These Books are nicely printed, beautifully bound and each contains **739** choice Recipes. **Every housekeeper buys one.** Write to-day and we will send you the Cook Books postpaid. You can easily sell them and earn this **wonderful Speaking Doll** in a few minutes. **Home Specialty Co. Dept. 487 Toronto**

FREE GOLD CASED WATCH
given for doing two things: (1) selling at **10c.** each only 1½ **doz.** packages of Lemon, Vanilla and Almond Flavoring Powders, (2) getting 3 more agents to do the same, or selling 3 doz. yourself. Each package equals 20c. worth of Liquid Flavoring and is far better. **Everybody buys.** This handsome watch is elegantly engraved in Solid Gold designs, open face, stem wind and set, fitted with imported jewelled works, cylinder escapement, reliable and accurate. Looks worth $50.00. You can easily earn it in a few minutes. Write for Powders to-day. HOME ART CO., DEPT. 483 TORONTO

BOY'S PRINTER

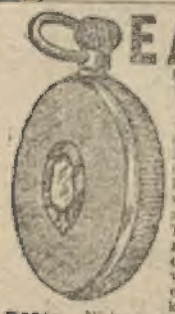
A complete printing office, three alphabets of rubber type, bottle of best indelible ink, type holder, self-inking pad, and type tweezers. You can print 500 cards, envelopes, or tags in an hour and make money. Price, with instructions, **12c.,** postpaid. The Novelty Co., Box 401 Toronto.

GIRLS LOOK

Little Princess, the prettiest doll in the world, nearly 2 feet high, elegantly dressed from head to foot in silks and satins, lace and velvet, with stylish hat, dainty little slippers, real stockings, and lace-trimmed underclothing. Can be dressed and undressed like any live baby. As pretty as a fairy princess, rosy cheeks, pearly teeth, beautiful eyes and golden ringlets. Can stand alone or sit in a chair. **Given** for selling at **10c.** each only 1½ doz. packages of **Lemon, Vanilla** and **Almond** Flavoring Powders. Each package equals 20c. worth of Liquid Flavoring and is far better. **Everybody buys.** Write to-day and we will send Flavoring Powders post-paid. The Home Art Co., Dept. 470, Toronto.

FUR SCARF FREE

Soft, warm, glossy black, 3 feet 6 inches long, 5 inches wide, made of selected full furred skins with 6 fine full black tails. A handsome, stylish Fur, given for doing two things, (1) selling at 10c. each 10 packages of Lemon, Vanilla and Almond Flavoring Powders, (2) getting 3 more agents to do the same, or by selling 30 yourself. One package equals 20c. worth of Liquid Flavoring and is far better. **Every house-keeper buys one or more packages.** Write to-day and we will send the Flavoring Powders post-paid. You can easily sell them and earn this elegant Fur in a few minutes. Home Art Co., Dept. 487, Toronto.



EARN THIS WATCH

by doing two things: (1) selling at **10c.** each only 1 doz. packages of Ancient Chinese blue black **Ink Powder,** (2) getting 3 more agents to do the same, or by selling 2 doz. yourself. Each package makes five 5c. bottles (25c. worth), of superior ink. **It is so cheap and useful that everybody buys.** This handsome watch has polished **silver nickel** open face case, the back **elaborately engraved,** with keyless wind imported works, genuine lever escapement, an exact and reliable timekeeper. With care **it will last ten years.** Write to-day and we will send the 12 packages postpaid. The National Pen and Ink Co., Box 484 Toronto, Ont.

FREE STEAM FIRE ENGINE

Made entirely of steel, iron and brass, beautifully finished with driving wheel, shaft and piston, polished brass boiler and steam chest, Russian iron furnace compartment, brass steam pump with a suction hose and a long fire hose with a brass nozzle, given for selling at **15c.** each, only **1 doz.** Diamond Collar Buttons with richly engraved gold finished tops, set with large sparkling Electric Diamonds. **Everybody buys.** You can earn this wonderful Fire Engine in a few minutes. Write to-day and we will send the Collar Buttons postpaid. **THE SPECIALTY CO., DEPT. 1480 TORONTO.**

This genuine Columbia Phonograph reproduces Songs, Speeches, musical imitations, instrumental selections, etc., in a most lifelike manner. We give it complete with five up-to-date records for doing two things: (1) selling at 10c. each only 18 packages of Chinese blue-black Ink Powders, (2) getting 3 more agents to do the same, or by selling 3 doz. yourself. Each package makes five 5c. bottles (25c. worth) of superior ink. It is so **cheap** that **everybody** buys. Write for Ink Powders to-day. **National Pen and Ink Co., Dept. 481 Toronto.**

LADY'S WATCH FREE

for doing 2 things: (1) selling at 10c. each, only 15 packages of Lemon, Vanilla and Almond Flavoring Powders; (2) getting 3 more agents to do the same or by selling 24 doz. yourself. One package equals 20c. worth of Liquid Flavoring and is far better. Every house-keeper buys one or more packages. You can earn this watch in a few minutes. It is a little beauty, with silver nickel case, fancy decorated dial, gold hands and stem wind and set, reliable imported works. Write to-day and we will send you the Flavoring Powders postpaid. We trust you. **The Home Art Co., Dept. 480, Toronto**

GIRLS LOOK

Little Princess, the prettiest doll in the world, elegantly dressed from head to foot in silks and satins, lace and velvet, with stylish hat, dainty little slippers, real stockings, and lace-trimmed underclothing. Can be dressed and undressed like any live baby. As pretty as a fairy Princess, rosy cheeks, pearly teeth, beautiful eyes and golden ringlets. Can stand alone or sit in a chair. **Given** for selling at 15c. each only 1 doz. 14K gold finished, stone set, Slide Lockets. These beautiful Lockets, set with brilliant imitation precious stones, look cheap at 50c. At 15c. they go like wildfire. Write to-day and we will send the Lockets postpaid. **THE AGENTS TRADING CO., DEPT. 470 TORONTO, ONTARIO.**

FREE RIFLE

Sure death to Rats, Crows, Squirrels, Rabbits, etc. **Long Range. Terrific Force.** All steel barrel and fittings, improved sights, walnut stock. The best Air Gun made. **Given** for selling at **10c.** each, only 1½ doz. packages of Lemon, Vanilla and Almond Flavoring powders. Each package equal 20c. worth of Liquid Flavoring, and is far better. **Everybody buys.** Our Agents sell one or more packages at every house. Write for Flavoring Powders to-day. **THE HOME ART COMPANY, TORONTO, ONTARIO.**

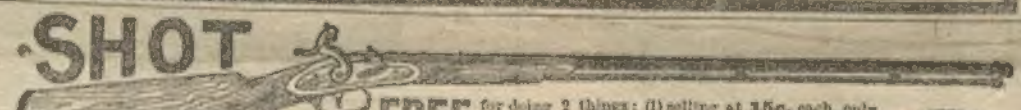
97 PIECES FREE DINNER AND TEA SET

Elegantly decorated English China, 12 Dinner Plates, 12 Tea Plates, 12 Soup Plates, 12 Cups, 12 Saucers, 12 Fruit Saucers, 12 Butter Pads, 2 Vegetable Dishes, 2 Covers, 1 10-inch Meat Platter, 1 14-inch Meat Platter, 1 Gravy Boat, 1 Tea Pot and Cover, 1 Sugar Bowl and Cover, 1 Creamer and 1 Slop Bowl—in all 97 **full size Pieces** of handsome decorated China **given away** for doing two things: (1) selling only 3 doz. packages of delicious Lemon, Vanilla and Almond Flavoring Powders, at 10c. each, (2) getting 3 other agents to do the same, or by selling 6 doz. yourself. Our 10c. packages of Flavoring Powders are equal to 20c. worth of Liquid Flavoring and are far better. Every house-keeper buys one or more. This handsome set will not cost you one cent. All the 97 **Pieces** are **full size** for family use. **We trust you fully.** Write to-day and we will send you the Powders postpaid. **Don't miss this chance. THE HOME ART CO., DEPT. 471 Toronto, Ont.**

GIRLS THIS DOLL IS FOR YOU

Not a single cent to pay for her. As pretty as a picture. You will fall in love with her the minute you see her. Golden ringlets, laughing blue eyes, rosy cheeks, stylishly dressed in silk and satin, with velvet and lace trimmings. Lovely trimmed hat, dainty little slippers, real stockings, lace-trimmed underwear. She can be dressed and undressed like any live baby. Her head, arms and legs are movable. She can stand alone or sit in a chair or on the floor. When you get her you will say she is the prettiest doll you have ever seen. **We give her free,** for selling at **15c.** each only **1 doz. Canadian Home Cook Books.** These books are nicely printed, beautifully bound, and each contains **739** choice recipes. Write to-day and we will send you the Cook Books postpaid. You can easily sell them in a few minutes. **Every housekeeper buys one.** 20,000 sold already. **Don't miss this grand chance** but write at once.

THE HOME SPECIALTY CO., DEPT. 493 TORONTO, ONTARIO



SHOT GUN FREE

for doing 2 things: (1) selling at **15c.** each, only **1 doz.** cards, each containing 4 Collar Buttons, with Gold-finished Lever Tops and Celluloid Backs; (2) getting 3 more agents to do the same, or by selling 2 doz. yourself. Each card of Buttons is worth 60c. **At 15c. a Card they are a wonderful bargain.** This Gun is finely made, with best quality steel barrel, taper choke-bored, reliable lock, highly-finished hardwood stock, with steel shoulder plate and trigger guard and metal-tipped ramrod. It is accurately sighted and **guaranteed a splendid shooter** Write to-day for the Collar Buttons. **THE REST CO., DEPT. 1483 TORONTO, ONTARIO.**

BARGAIN SALE

Remnants of SILK RIBBONS almost FREE

We have recently purchased several Thousand Dollars worth of Ribbon Remnants, in London, England, much below the actual cost of manufacture. We are thereby enabled to offer the lady readers of this paper **an immense bargain** in choice Ribbons. They are all from **one to three yards in length,** and some **3 inches wide.** Amongst these Ribbons are some of the very finest quality, Crown Edge, Gros-Grain, Moire, Picot Edge, Satin Edge, Silk Brocades, Striped Ottoman and various other plain and fancy styles, in a variety of fashionable colors, **all shades and widths,** suitable for Bonnet Strings, Neckwear, Trimmings for Hats and Dresses, Bows, Scarfs, etc., etc. All first class. No lady can purchase such fine Ribbons as these at any store in the land for many times our price. **Don't miss this Bargain. Mrs. W. Gallagher, East Clifton, Que., says:** "I consider your Ribbons the cheapest Ribbons I ever got." Price, per box, only 35c., or 3 boxes for 90c. postpaid. Millinery Sup. ly Co., Box N. S., Toronto.

FREE RIFLE

Sure death to Rats, Crows, Squirrels, Rabbits, etc. **Long Range. Terrific Force.** All steel barrel and fittings, improved sights, walnut stock. The best Air Gun made. **Given** for selling at **15c.** each, only 12 handsome pieces of Jewelry, Lockets, Stick Pins, etc. Every piece of our Jewelry looks worth 50c., at **15c** you can sell the 12 pieces in a few minutes. Write to-day and we will send the Jewelry postpaid. **National Watch and Jewelry Co., Toronto, Ont.**

Free LIVE Alligator. Boys

get an alligator and start a Zoo. There is money in it, especially when you can get the alligator without spending one cent of your own money. We give a real live baby alligator of good size, **1st** for selling at **15c.** each only 16 14k Gold finished Stone Set Lockets, and getting 3 other agents to do the same, or **2nd** for selling 32 yourself. These beautiful Lockets set with brilliant imitation precious stones look cheap at 50c. At **15c. they go like wildfire.** Write and we send the Lockets postpaid. The alligator will be shipped direct to you from New Orleans. We pay the duty. Boys, this is a grand chance for you. Do not miss it. **THE AGENTS TRADING CO., DEPT. 490 TORONTO.**

FREE GOLD WATCH LADY'S OR GENT'S SIZE

Double Hunting Case, beautifully Gold finished and richly engraved in handsome Solid Gold designs, stem wind and set, imported jewelled works, accurate and reliable. A very beautiful watch. Looks **worth $50.00. We give** it for doing two things: (1) selling at 10c. each, only 1½ doz. packages of Lemon, Vanilla and Almond Flavoring Powders, and (2) securing 3 more agents to do the same, or by selling 3 doz. yourself. Each package equals 20c. worth of Liquid Flavoring, and is far better. **Everybody buys.** Write to-day and we will send the Flavoring Powders postpaid. THE HOME ART CO., Dept. 472 Toronto

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